JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1933

3D EVERY THURSDAY

WE MUST START BUILDING NOW By The EDITOR

YOUR FUTURE HEALTH By MAURICE FAGENCE

HITLER'S ONLY HOPES By A.G.G.

You've had something more than a drink when you've had a GUINNESS

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.1159.E

Cocoa keeps better in a tin

When you buy your wartime packet of Bournville Cocoa, transfer the contents to an old Bournville tin—or any tin with a well-fitting lid. That's the best way to preserve Bournville Cocoa's rich aroma to the last spoonful.

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

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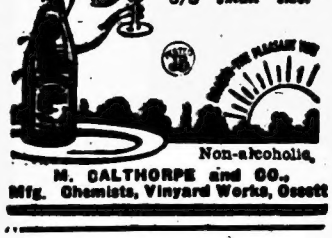
THREE half-wineglasses of Vironita every day puts new energy and strength into you. Take Vironita to make your life brighter. Suitable for children and adults.



Of all chemists and stores. 5/3 large bottle, 3/3 small size.

Non-alcoholic.

M. CALTHORPE and CO., Mfg. Chemists, Vinyard Works, Gosett

PRISONERS OF WAR
ROYAL NAVY
H. M. FORCES OVERSEAS
(INCLUDING INDIA)

DUTY FREE CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

cost the sender less than quarter of the ordinary prices. Packed in vacuum tins they ensure arrival at destination in perfect condition. Supplies bought over the counter are not suitably packed to stand up to hot climates, so ask your tobacconist for DUTY FREE particulars and he will arrange to despatch a single parcel or, if desired, a standing order at regular intervals.

In case of difficulty write to us. All that is necessary is to send us the rank, name and full address of the member of H.M. Forces (or Prisoner of War, as the case may be) telling us what to send and enclosing P.O. for the appropriate amount indicated below. The parcel will be despatched immediately on receipt of your instructions, including a greetings card, with your name and address as sender.

EXAMPLES (Prices include postage)

	Prisoners of War		H.M. Forces Overseas and the Royal Navy	
FOUR SQUARE TOBACCO	4 oz.	8 oz.	4 oz.	8 oz.
(Yellow, Green, Brown or Purple label)	2/-	4/-	2/9	4/9
(Red or Blue label)	2/6	5/-	3/3	5/9
FOUR SQUARE CIGARETTES	150	200	150	200
	4/-	5/4	4/9	6/2

FOUR SQUARE *Tobaccos and Cigarettes*

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD. FOUR SQUARE WORKS PAISLEY SCOTLAND

RADIANT HEALTH & Lovely Figure

PERFECT health, your greatest wealth—and a lovely figure can be your prized assets if you make Bile Beans a nightly habit.

Bile Beans, the perfect tonic-laxative, ensure smooth digestion and regular elimination and remove all fat-forming waste from the system.

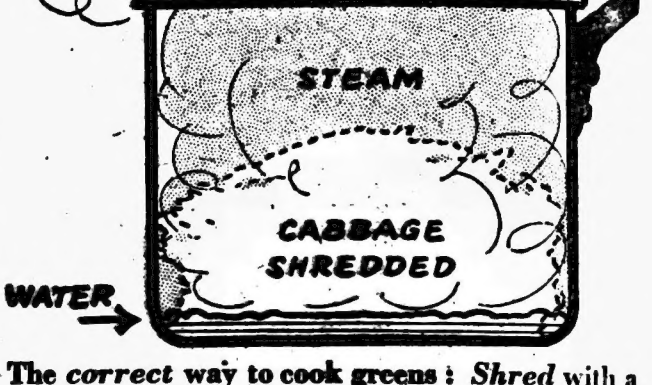
Your health, figure and vitality will improve—you'll look fitter, feel fitter and more youthful

With the Aid of Nightly

BILE BEANS

FOOD FACTS

The right way to cook greens



The *correct* way to cook greens: *Shred* with a sharp knife. Put just enough water into saucepan to cover the bottom—bring to boil and put in greens. Cook for only 10 to 15 minutes with the lid on. Shake pan once or twice while boiling. This method preserves the flavour and the Vitamin C, and keeps greens crisp.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

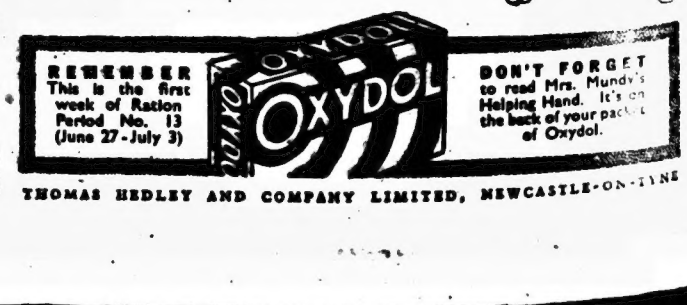
THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 155A

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM

New garments made from old will last longer if they are washed in Oxydol's 'Busy Bubble' lather. Because the amazingly gentle action of Oxydol's 'Busy Bubble' lather gets all the dirt out the safe, gentle way. What's more, Oxydol's 'Busy Bubble' lather does nearly twice the washing per coupon — this helps to make your soap ration go farther.

3½d. size — 1 coupon
7d. size — 2 coupons
A Class 1 Product. At your shop.


REMEMBER This is the first week of Ration Period No. 13 (June 27 - July 3)
OXYDOL
DON'T FORGET to read Mrs. Mundy's Helping Hand. It's on the back of your packet of Oxydol.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 3, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

IT GOES WELL

WE are nearing the end of the most successful war of nerves ever waged.

The Nazis admit its success. They confess that we have got them guessing. They tell their people that we have never been in a more threatening position.

It should not be long now before the threat becomes reality. The most terrific—and the most terrible—enterprise in all history is imminent.

Stalin Knows

The summer is upon us. Delay would weaken the great advantage we hold.

Once again a note of impatience is sounded in Moscow. To postpone the Second Front, warns a special Russian communiqué, "would prolong the war and increase Allied casualties."

But that, too, may be part of the Allied war of nerves. We need not doubt that Stalin knows the date of things to come.

Offensive Postponed

Nor is he ignorant of how much has been gained by keeping the enemy on tenterhooks.

Hitler has not dared to launch the new drive towards Moscow and Stalingrad that was scheduled for the Spring. And every day's delay has been a victory for our Russian friends.

Coming Back

Now it seems improbable that the Nazis will stage any bigger offensive than an attempt to smooth out the Kharkov-Orel bulge in their lines.

If this could be done, they might release another twenty divisions for anti-invasion service in the West.

Already, indeed, more than a dozen divisions have been brought back from the Eastern Front. And the *Luftwaffe*!

Easing the Strain

Nearly three-quarters of the German fighter aircraft is now held down to meet our threat. Bombers are being switched from Russia to Italy.

Thus are we easing the strain which Russia has borne so heroically. Thus, moreover, the Red Air Force is no longer outnumbered.

It is able to carry out a heavy bombing programme of its own. So enemy transport is being disrupted in the East as in the West.

Terror Tactics

Whereas the small-scale enemy raids on Britain seem to be following a curious pattern. Obvious military targets are avoided; housing estates are preferred.

Why? To persuade our people to raise a "call-off bombing" clamour? They won't.

Wiping it Out

Our bombing offensive, aimed at legitimate war objectives, will go on. It will, indeed, increase until the heart of Germany's war industry is torn out.

What is happening in the Ruhr, the enemy says, is beyond imagination. But our air marshals have the imagination to perceive that the crippling of the enemy's arms plants will reduce the very grave casualties we must endure when our armies battle towards Berlin.

R.A.F. Losses

What of the R.A.F. losses? Though grievous, they are less than might have been anticipated.

In all, they do not exceed the 5 per cent. figure announced some time ago. And that is remarkable in view of what is being accomplished.

Nazi Inner Defences

Germany fears another form of air attack. Her spokesmen show acute concern at what they describe as "the massing of British parachute divisions."

With this result—the cream of the German army is being concentrated on the Danish and North German shores. That is surely one of the most significant developments of the war!

Italy Quivers

At the same time, German troops and aircraft are being rushed to Italy, though Axis spokesmen doubt if we shall invade the Italian mainland.

But they are concerned at the plight of Sicily and Sardinia. They are reorganising the Balkan defences.

Allied generals in the Mediterranean area are probably no less busy.

The King's Tour

But while enemy defence chiefs were rushing furtively from one side of Europe to the other, King George VI was touring calmly and openly well within the *Luftwaffe's* range.

The Cabinet may have been reluctant to sanction his visit. The King's contempt for possible danger and his cheerfulness will, however, not be lost on the troops who are preparing for action—or on the exasperated enemy.

U-Boat Moves

And still our losses at sea are but a small proportion of those a year ago.

Mid-Atlantic is almost clear of U-boats; we may guess that they have fled to the Bay of Biscay to seek some protection by the *Luftwaffe*.

Looking Eastwards

The Japanese also are keeping their fleet at home. The menace to Australia has passed.

China, continuing to forge slowly ahead, is cheered by increasing American air help—and by hints of a United Nations' offensive in the autumn made possible by the new arsenals and camps of India.

Wavell Speaks

Understandably, the Indian people are adopting a "wait and see" attitude towards their Viceroy-to-be.

But Wavell's talk to the Press gives hope that he will go down to history not only as a great soldier but a great *man*.

We need not doubt that, though he is being "coached" by India Office experts, he will exercise his own judgment when he assumes office.

Why Amery?

In other words, the Government has not chosen a reactionary as Viceroy. Why, then, does it retain a reactionary as Secretary of State for India?

Mr. Amery's political record might well compromise the "new start" on the Indian problem which Wavell's appointment promises to make.

Trying it Out

A junior Minister, Mr. Harold Balfour, is also in the news. More than once, we suspect, he has been used by the Cabinet to "try out" its ideas on the public.

His latest speech was obviously so inspired.

He suggested a world federation, with a world council on the lines suggested a generation ago by Wells. Below this council would be international regional councils, each bound to the other by pacts of mutual confidence and aid.

Hope for Mankind

Without such a vast revolution, JOHN BULL has often said, mankind must founder and perish.

But there *is* hope for humanity. For Balfour's speech has been favourably received at home and abroad.

Getting Together

Moreover, now that Russia is able to look ahead to the end of her dreadful agony, she is beginning to show a confident interest in post-war problems.

The Hot Springs conference proved to her how much Britain and the U.S.A. are in earnest about the Atlantic Charter pledges.

Behind the scenes, co-operation between Britain, the U.S.A., China and the U.S.S.R. is fast developing.

Cold Comfort

But in our domestic scene, lack of co-operation and organisation is still evident. Last week's Coal Debate must have made that plain even to the Die-hards.

Why, Major Lloyd George had to announce that only one in four of the pit production committees is functioning properly!

What's the Remedy?

Our miners, though they're growing old, must work harder. The young ones must be shamed to stop absenteeism. The public must economise more.

Yes, such talk is easy. But until the mines are reorganised *and the mine-owners made to co-operate with the men*, there will be suspicion and resentment. And, consequently, less coal.

Labour to Spare

It is officially said that we can't afford to bring back ex-miners from the Forces at this juncture of the war.

Yet we may doubt if all labour is being properly employed, even now.

A national conference of war technicians and supervisors endorses JOHN BULL's view that hundreds of men could be released for useful work instead of "producing fantastic returns for the chit jugglers."

And why not comb-out those Whitehall chit jugglers as well? And the women's Services?

Ready for the Fray

Regarding pensions, also, the Government invites exasperated criticism. It makes concessions. It does not yet concede those basic changes of principle which the general public requires.

A pity. For we should face our coming trials all the stronger if freed from the petty muddles and the carking injustices of the past.

(Continued overleaf)

EASY TO PAY

● Income tax demands encourage absenteeism in the mines, declares a coal-owner M.P. He quotes cases "where last week-end men were presented with income tax claims of between £60 and £80."

Then, moving a pay-as-you-earn tax resolution at the A.E.U. conference, a delegate has said that men transferred from one job to a lesser-paid one have found practically all their earnings taken from them in income tax.

So, more and more, the pay-as-you-go system is shown to be not merely desirable but urgently necessary.

Questioned about it last week, the Chancellor of the Exchequer repeated his assurance that Inland Revenue is "investigating" the matter.

We hope the investigations won't last too long. And perhaps they won't. For it is also announced that the Board is inviting ideas on the machinery by which such a vast change in our finances could be carried through. A change by which we should pay tax on our present earnings instead of last year's—and thus avoid perpetual indebtedness to the State!

"YOUR CHEQUE IS A GREAT HELP . . . I LOST MY HUSBAND AND MY HOME"—

So writes Mrs. C. E. Shepherd, of Newport, Isle of Wight, in acknowledging cheque paid to her by "John Bull" following the death of her husband in a recent air raid.

"John Bull" offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire-Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc., A FREE AIR RAID POLICY (Underwritten at LLOYD'S).

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Continued from preceding page

A GREAT deal too many seaside landladies are digging deep—and not for victory. They're digging into the pockets of war time workers, profiteering shamelessly in resorts that have "gone Whitehall."

There's no sign that the Government is going to stop it. The idea of pegging down charges for board and lodgings to the rateable value of houses is still just an idea.

Turned Out

Profiteering landladies will only be beaten when public opinion is so stirred that it just won't be worth while trying to overcharge.

There are cases enough to stir up that feeling. A correspondent went to work in Southport last January, got a room easily in the Hesketh Park district. He stayed till last week.

Then his landlady, in a burst of candid commercialism, gave him notice to quit. "I'm tired of turning down good offers," she said. "We want holidaymakers who'll throw their money about a bit. Everyone else is turning out the winter regulars."

They Won't Forget

In the local paper our correspondent saw two advertisements. One offered a front bed-sitting room and board residence for £4 4s. a week. The other invited two working men (respectable) to share a bed—£2 2s. each.

Southport is not the only place where this is going on. Thousands of war-workers now have grievances they won't forget against the landladies. They may never have been to sea, but they know exactly what it's like to be boarded by pirates.

"Princely" Rates

The other day we printed a reader's account of shockingly low wages being paid to middle-aged women who'd "come back to do their bit" at an Edinburgh textile factory.

This week, a Bradford reader tells us of still worse conditions in Yorkshire. At one place (he says) operatives with thirty years' experience of their job are getting £1 15s. for a forty-eight-hour week. And that's without deductions.

Landladies Dig In—Unfair Wages for Women—Chatterbugs Are Busy

Undercutting

The Essential Work Order apparently doesn't mean essential wages.

It's true, as Mr. Jack Tanner has been telling the Conference of Amalgamated Engineering Unions, that some employers are trying to pin women down to low wage standards so as to undercut the men.

JOHN BULL supports him in saying: "Whoever does a machine job must get the basic wage (man or woman) for that job."

Comb Out

Meanwhile, another comb-out of non-essential workers has been going on. It's described as drastic.

Do the "combers-out" ever visit our fairgrounds? The other day a colleague saw four hefty young fellows working on the "Dodgem" track. Their job was to manhandle the cars when they got stuck. Not a sedentary job by any means. Quite energetic enough to provide muscles that would be useful in battle training.

Doing Nicely

And what about the scores of apparently fit young men we see selling pot-scourers in the London streets? They seem to be doing pretty well for themselves. Out of the Army, and selling metal filings for a shilling a time instead of the peace-time penny. And just when war lathes are turning out more metal waste than there's ever been.

"Don't Want Me"

At the same time a Leeds man—fifty-three, fit, with years of practical knowledge of the building trade—complains that it seems useless to try to place his services.

"I've tried in my own line," he says, "but it's hopeless. And now they won't even have me in munitions."

Has to Retire

Another reader is being compelled to retire from his job as a London Passenger Transport policeman. He's sixty-five, so normally that would be reasonable.

But it isn't reasonable these days when his work may have to be done by a younger man fit for the Services.

The L.P.T.B. say they're sorry to let this man go, but apparently they're bound by the rules. Will anyone blame one of the best-run transport systems in the world for cutting a piece of red tape?

Relax the Rules

It's almost too much to hope now that Mr. Morrison will economise in red tape in the National Fire Service.

But week after week we're getting letters from firemen in the country who want to help the farmers and have to go on wasting petrol, oil and rubber instead.

Of course, practices must be kept up; of course, the service must be efficient everywhere. Yet everyone knows there are areas where slight relaxation in the national rules would help the war and help the firemen who think they're not doing enough.

Told to Billet

Officials who know just when to relax the rules are worth their weight in gold. It was stupid, for instance, to stop the petrol granted to four village girls who got war jobs seven miles away—a cross-country journey—and had been making the trip in an ancient car.

As there was no public transport service they were told to go into billets near the factory.

The saving of petrol was minute—and didn't justify the serious strain put on the scanty accommodation in a township packed with munition workers.

Lights Out

One thing, incidentally, which isn't likely to waste much petrol is a new type of lighter. It's a "Utility," and a Newport, Isle of Wight, engineer paid 6s. 6d. for one. Speaking from technical knowledge, he says 6d. would be a fair retail price.

Even if it would light. And he's not been able to make it. He sent it to us and we can't either. When next you're buying a lighter look at it twice, "Utility" or not.

No Offence Meant

Still the careless talk goes on. . . .

At 8.53 on Tuesday morning a JOHN BULL man got into the London train at Preston. He travelled with four soldiers, and when he reached Euston just before 2 p.m., he knew (*a*) that a company of a certain unit was ready to leave—at a minutes' notice for abroad; (*b*) that they had been issued with special equipment; (*c*) that they'd just finished an unusual type of training. He knew a lot more that can't be hinted at here.

None Taken

But careless talk doesn't need to be true to be dangerous. What about the talk that seems to be spreading about American troops over here "snapping up all the girls," "crowding our boys out of the pubs," and such-like nonsense.

And what about the idiotic stories that paint the Canadians as a lot of hooligans? Somebody's spreading these vicious yarns.

Remember This . . .

Anyone who mixes a lot with the Americans knows their only real "failing" is a complete lack of self-consciousness. As for the Canadians—well, there are probably hundreds of thousands of them over here. Yet they've only one detention barracks. It would hold 600 men *if it were full. And it isn't.*

Hooch Again

Certainly a few of the troops from across the Atlantic get taken in by and show the effects of the poisonous liquor that's being sold in the underground clubs.

Not that there's a lot of the stuff about. It's too much trouble for the crooked club owner.

Flavoured Water

These club owners prefer to buy whisky and gin bottles with the labels of a famous firm and fill them with sugared or flavoured water.

In Soho these empty bottles are fetching as much as half-a-crown a piece nowadays. An empty liquor bottle with a good name is priced up to five shillings.

Hard Words

In the soft drink trade some hard words have been exchanged. The Ministry of Food has helped to alter the regulations of the Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association.

The principle of "one vote per firm" has been scrapped, giving the predominating voting power to the big firms.

Last February the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry, Mr. Mabane, promised that the small man wouldn't be handed over to his big competitor.

What about that promise now?

Black Anyway

Mr. Mabane's chief, Lord Woolton, says: "I believe that this is the only country in Europe in which there isn't a Black Market."

Almost every day for the last month we've been hearing of fruit wholesalers refusing to sell apples or strawberries or cherries unless shopkeepers buy something else they don't want.

If that isn't Black Market it's blackmail—and there doesn't seem much difference.

Tricked Widow

A new warning is needed against an old trick. A Forest Gate widow wanted a flat, advertised, and was visited by a man who asked to see her rent book. Apparently satisfied that she paid regularly, he gave her a key in exchange for a 10s. deposit; told her to go round to view "just the flat" that afternoon and let him know whether she wanted it.

She did. But it wasn't to let. The key had nothing to do with it. The man was a rogue wanted by the police. The 10s. he took was the widow's pension money.

Mr. Leslie Greening

We have now completed a full investigation into a matter referred to in a recent paragraph in this paper, in which the name of Mr. L. Greening, of Dorchester, was mentioned, and are satisfied that there is not the slightest imputation against the character of this gentleman.

● A Droylsden, Manchester, mother got a letter from her soldier son in India recently. "Well, we're getting a bit nearer civilisation now," he wrote. "But there's not much news."

Not much news! Only that he'd been awarded the M.M. He thought perhaps his mother had heard about it, so he didn't bother to give any details. Instead he went on to ask for his copies of JOHN BULL.

That's typical of our Tommies abroad. Thank goodness, it's more typical than the case of silly talk mentioned elsewhere on this page.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Estimated by leading industrialists that present growing scale of Allied bombing will reduce Reich war production by another 30 per cent. in next four months—equal to total damage to date.**

● *In frantic search for shelter for bombed out German evacuees, Nazis are combing Europe for obsolete railway coaches; they are also removing upper decks of all trams.*

● Hundreds of doctors (there's a great shortage in Germany) have been sent to the bomb-battered Ruhr in an attempt to prevent outbreaks of disease caused by the chaotic living conditions.

● **German bishops on the way to the Vatican are taking messages from all their colleagues inside Nazi-occupied Europe. Big surprise is expected when the Pope decides to act on the information he's receiving.**

● *Hitler's arrogant man-for-man ideas on prisoner exchange have changed. Under home pressure he has asked for return of Afrika Korps wounded "on Geneva conditions as interpreted by Allies."*

● Polish resistance has been doubly successful of late. Gestapo admit open fear—it is now reorganised and led by famous Marshal Smigley-Rydz, only former escaped Polish leader not traced by Germans.

● **New British and U.S.A. field commands will shortly be announced—and Hitler won't like the way they are to be put into effect.**

● *Canada has successfully completed first big scale experiment of rubber production from Russian formula (processing crushed dandelions) given to Allies by Moscow. Commercial production expected next year.*

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the EDITOR

WE MUST START NOW

UNLESS the Government decides to fight the property owners, the landlords, *and* the bureaucrats, Britain's housing shortage will become a famine.

As a nation we were overcrowded and largely ill-housed before the war began. Now the situation is deteriorating rapidly.

In his recent presidential address to the National Federation of Building Trades Operatives, Mr. J. W. Stephenson said:

"Slumdom has grown *worse* since 1939 and drawn into its fearsome orbit more streets, more areas."

The facts are ugly. Let us face them.

Millions of our people are forced to share homes with one another. Two families out of every three in London have to do that.

Three hundred thousand families are living in slums; 200,000 more in houses condemned as unfit for habitation.

Country-dwellers are no better off than the townsfolk.

According to the Scott Report on Land Utilisation in Rural Areas: "Housing conditions usually associated with slums are both common and widespread in country towns, in villages and among scattered dwellings, *and call for drastic and urgent action.*"

Since 1939 more than 250,000 houses have been destroyed by enemy action and millions more have been damaged. This destruction continues and must continue in greater or lesser degree until the Axis surrenders.

Private building has virtually ceased, and repairs and renewals are continually postponed.

In short, this country is in urgent need of at least 4,000,000 *new homes, well-built, well-planned and well-situated for work and recreation.*

MR. ERNEST BROWN, Minister of Health, has said himself that "planning and thinking are not enough—there must be action."

How right he is to believe this; how wrong not to put his belief into practice!

So far he has made nothing but promises. He promised us 3,000 new cottages for farm labourers last February—and work has just started on four of them!

Incidentally, the farms require 30,000 new cottages, not 3,000, to meet existing needs. At this rate of progress—one cottage a month—they would get them in 2,500 years.

But we must not be unfair to Mr. Brown or to the Government. They are not actually planning to rehouse the country somewhere about A.D. 4,500; they *think* of doing it and *talk* of doing it not long after we have won the war.

The Minister of Health has had difficulty with tenders. They were nearly all of them too high. A thousand pounds certainly does seem a lot for a farm worker's cottage.

Particularly in view of the fact that some private builders are actually building a better type of cottage than the Government asked tenders for at £625 each!

For the moment, let that pass. We must add that the Government has in mind a general ten-year building plan, also to be put into operation *after* the war.

But will it be—*can* it be—under the existing system? We think not.

When the last war ended the housing shortage was acute; not so bad as it is now, and nothing like so bad as it must be after this one, but bad enough.

What happened? Why, in the first year of peace we built 715 new houses, and in the second no fewer than 30,000!

Think of that—30,000 houses in the *second* year of peace, when, even on a ten-year plan, we shall need to build at least 400,000 a year!

JOHN BULL puts the facts in this way to draw attention to the extreme urgency of this truly national problem.

No other domestic question is of such paramount importance. It should be given absolute priority on the home front.

It must not wait—can't wait, and won't wait—for victory. If it be allowed to do so, we shall certainly flounder into peace as helplessly unprepared for it as we floundered into battle.

Therefore, we must start building *now*. We must have central direction of a national plan.

We must put a stop to the rent ramps, curb the shocking rise in land prices, and make 100 per cent. use of all dwelling-houses still available.

There must be no reduction in the minimum standard of comfort and convenience which the public demands, but we cannot allow old methods to delay our programme.

For the time being, at least, houses may have to be mass-produced like motor-cars, prefabricated in great factories, rolled off the assembly lines in parts, and erected at top speed on the chosen sites.

Great durability is of secondary importance in this time of crisis. Three or four million soldiers will be coming back to Civvy Street one day, and we've *got* to find the houses for them.

Readers may ask who or what stands in the way of such a programme. We will tell them.

First of all, there is the National Federation of Property Owners, the thousand-million-pound vested interest, which means to fight every reform which may threaten its profits.

"The landlords"—to give this Federation its common name—have fought and are fighting every move to make building land available to the country at reasonable prices.

We think it is due to them—rather than to sheer governmental weakness of backbone—that the Scott, Barlow, and Uthwatt Reports are still gathering dust in departmental pigeonholes.

But these three Reports do, in fact, represent the minimum national control essential to any businesslike housing programme.

It may be true that nothing short of nationalisation of the land will provide an *ultimate* solution to Britain's housing problem.

Meanwhile, however, it is certainly true that nothing less than the adoption of these three progressive Reports can provide even a working compromise.

Secondly, there is what may be called the static opposition of local authorities. Many of them are ready and willing to put forward housing schemes of their own.

Some others, having local builders and property owners in strength on their councils, would prefer to mark time and "give private enterprise a fair chance."

But none of them—progressive or reactionary, whichever the case may be—can make any real progress without a positive lead from the Government and positive assurance that the requisite powers will be given to them or the eventual cost made good.

FINALLY, there is the cramping curse of our manifold war time bureaucracy, the meddlesome interference not of one Ministry but of four or five; the division of control, the total absence of national, as distinct from sectional, planning, and the threadbare excuse advanced by all these little tin gods that the public must be patient because "there's a war on."

It is precisely *because* there is a war on that we ought now to implement our peace time plans. To delay is not only dangerous; it may be fatal.

This country wants millions of new homes *soon*. It does not expect miracles, but it does expect the best immediate measures which can be devised to relieve the existing shortage.

It demands an instant and complete revision of the Rent Restrictions Acts, now so complicated that nobody but a lawyer can understand them, and any clever rogue can drive a coach and horses clean through their cumbersome provisions.

Obviously, building plans would have to be part of Town and Country Planning as a whole. And that, in turn, must be co-ordinated with Reconstruction Planning generally.

Because, of course, Town and Country Planning should make it possible for congested cities to be opened out into new towns of healthy and convenient size, first-class land reserved for agriculture, other land earmarked for open spaces and holiday camps, and so on.

There must be schemes of compensation for owners who suffer loss in this process. There must be, at the same time, a check on excessive prices for land needed for public development.

Above all, there must be *speed*. Now is the time to prevent the evils of to-day from becoming disastrous to-morrow.

She "Commands" a Naval Vessel

TO-MORROW morning a sixty-foot cabin cruiser will put to sea in charge of a woman. There may be a strong nor'-easter blowing. There may be every sign of heavy weather. But the ship will go out none the less.

★ ★ ★

There will be four tough sailors aboard her. Men who have fought in two earlier wars and seen most of the things that the sea can do. But they do not mind taking orders from Second Officer Agnes McLennan Traynor, a five-foot-nothing Scot.

She has a look of the sea about her and she holds her balance on a swinging deck with all the poise of a seasoned sailor.

Officially she is known as the Fleet Mail Officer, but she has many nicknames at this port somewhere on Britain's coastline.

The job of servicing His Majesty's ships with letters really begins at eight in the morning at the Dock Mail Office. Nearly a ton of mail arrives every day for ships in the neighbourhood, and a group of Wrens gets busy sorting the letters. The shore side of the work is complicated, the sea side hazardous.

The Fleet Mail Boat is well known in the Navy. So are Mrs. Traynor and her crew. Usually there are two other Wrens aboard beside Mrs. Traynor. Twice a day they deliver and collect letters from His Majesty's ships, and carry out a number of other incidental jobs.

★ ★ ★

Able Seaman Smith wants a special message put over the telephone. Jones looks wistful with a pair of worn socks. Yes, sometimes the Wrens even wash and darn for the sailors.

They also have more than exciting moments. They were making steady headway towards a certain ship on one occasion when a great mushroom of water, flame and smoke leapt into the air.

One minute before, barely three hundred yards away, a Diesel ship had been ploughing peacefully along. Now she had come to a shuddering standstill.

★ ★ ★

She had hit a mine. In a few minutes the boat began to sink.

Aboard the Post Office ship Mrs. Traynor hardly seemed to notice. Her boat kept going. The mail was delivered just the same that day.

In the winter you can hardly recognise these women sailors. They have sou'-westers, thick stockings and sea-boots. Sometimes the seas threaten to overwhelm the little boat. Sometimes it is difficult to keep upright in the howling wind.

But the letters go out to the Fleet just the same.

Rt. Hon. P. NOEL BAKER, M.P., Ministry of War Transport

DEAR SIR,—Marshal Stalin is no fool. And he was as wide-awake as ever when he declared: "It would be ridiculous to identify Hitler's clique with the German people and the German State."

So you do well to emphasise that, if we are to work with Russia, we shall need common principles of foreign policy—and one of those principles must be the treatment of the enemy peoples.

I do not doubt your enlightened view that there are Germans who desire democracy, who are as much Hitler's enemies as we are, and who would welcome a far more profound revolution than that which shook the Kaiser from his rotten throne.

They, no less than ourselves and Russia and the other United Nations, are victims of terrorism.

Hitler and his crew of gangsters organised carefully and skilfully. They saw how Mussolini had brought off a successful coup in Italy. And they—unlike Franco, who had to fight for his wretched "victory" over democracy—were able not only to lull the German democrats to sleep until it was too late, but managed to impose upon the democrats of all the world.

That is an excellent reason for making it impossible for Nazi-Fascism ever to raise its ugly head again. But no reason for refusing to co-operate after the war with our real friends wherever they may be found!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM MABANE, M.P., Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—Your recent and rosy public speeches are not perhaps so impressive as you may think. For, though we all admire the work of your Department, there are quite a few questions that you have left unanswered.

Why, for example, are the great milk wholesalers receiving record profits with Government approval?

Why are the fruit wholesalers, who before the war were content with a profit of 9d. or 1s. on a bushel of apples, now officially allowed a profit of 3s. or 3s. 6d.?

And so on.

Your Ministry claims that there is no food profiteering in this war. But clearly there are bigger-than-ever profits.

Why have they been made part of a deliberate official policy?

Housewives would like to know. So would—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. OSBERT PEAKE, M.P., Parl. Under-Secretary, Home Office

DEAR SIR,—I warn you that the clock of reform will not be put back by any political Tom, Dick or Harry. Certainly not by an Osbert.

You are one of those young Tories who have yet to learn that, once the ordinary people have set their feet firmly on a certain path, no power in the world will force them into the ditch.

You seek to persuade us that we should give up all hope of keeping to the Beveridge road.

Though you condescend to admit that Sir William has done a grand job of work in his Report, you assert that all his claims cannot be fulfilled.

"No system of weekly payments can abolish want in a free society," you assert "So long as men are free to spend their money as they please there will be homes in which want exists."

Thus you attempt to draw a red-herring across the path. But the herring smells

Of course, *some* men will drink or gamble their income away. But there is no reason why their widows should be left in penury or their children starved.

As for your argument that freedom from want could be obtained only by regimentation such as is found in the internment camp, that is an insult to your listeners, and no compliment to your own intelligence.

Are you really trying to warn us that mass unemployment is not preventable and Social Security an idle dream? If so, it is you who needs a warning.

True, you are not the only Tory Minister who has tried to sow doubt in our minds and fear in our hearts.

Lord Croft and Mr. Ralph Assheton have done their damnedest. The Tory Central Office and Lord Elton, too, have attempted to undermine our resolution to build a New and Better World.

You are all doomed to disappointment. The ordinary people of this country are not such faint-hearts as to be scared by a few half-baked and ingenuous quibbles. Certainly we shall not be deterred from reaching our goal by a few junior Ministers who, rightly or wrongly, will be regarded as the mouthpieces of the vested interests.

Not Osbert Peake nor anyone else will succeed in watering the Beveridge resolution of the great majority of Britons!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. P. L. MILLAR, Nat. Council of Labour Colleges

DEAR SIR,—If a sprinkling of working-class children were admitted to public schools most of them would be unhappy and might become undesirable snobs.

That is your view. If it seems familiar to my readers it is because I have said much the same myself.

The public schools are certainly anxious to take a "sprinkling" of poor but bright youngsters. By such means, they hope, they will receive State tolerance and State assistance.

But they will be disappointed. The general public is not disposed to perpetuate a silly and shameful class division in our educational system.

The public, indeed, insists that "public schools" shall justify their description.

This can be done only by making them available to *all* children who deserve Higher Education.

The system of a few "scholarship places" must be ended. The size of the parents' bank balances must no longer be the criterion by which most entrants are judged. Merit alone must be the fee by which clever youngsters are admitted to the new *State-controlled* public schools.—JOHN BULL.

Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUGH, M.P., Ministry of Health

DEAR MADAM,—Nearly two years have passed since I first exposed the astonishing conditions in which refugees from Gibraltar are housed in this country.

Dr. Newcome Wright's protest makes it clear that those conditions are still unsatisfactory.

As many as nine adults, of both sexes and unmarried, have been living and sleeping in the same room for three years. At the centres, the last meal is at 5.30 p.m.—and late workers have to pay for it whether they are able to take it or not.

Complaints are met by ejection.

Those are the allegations. Your answer is singularly unsatisfactory.

According to you, the centres are so lovely that refugees who have left them have begged to be taken back! But you do not explain, I notice, whether those people have been glad to get back simply because they could not find accommodation elsewhere.

Or whether people who have complained have been threatened that they and their families will be turned into the street.

I expect better of you.—JOHN BULL.

GOODNESS—THE KEY TO BATTLE

ARGUE IT OUT
By PALLAS

WHEN men die for something they believe in, passionately, sincerely, they have not died in vain.

Those of our young men who have died in battle gave their lives to as fine a cause as any in history. And I can't recall any finer expression of what they have fought and died for than that penned by a young man killed recently in Africa.

★ ★ ★

In his last letter to his father he wrote: "I should like you to know what it is I died for. There is, I feel, both in England and America, a tremendous surge of feeling which, for want of a better word, I shall call 'goodness.'

"It is the heartfelt longing of all the 'middling folk' for something better—a world more worthy of their children, a world more simple in its beliefs, nearer to earth and to God.

"This feeling . . . will, I hope and pray, surge over the whole world in a tidal wave—that is the ideal for which we are fighting."

Men who can die with thoughts like that in their minds, men who can give up their lives because they believe in the fundamental goodness of their fellows, don't really die.

Their sacrifice and the beauty of their minds live on in those of us who are left. They should convince us that we have a trust—the task of struggling for that better world our youth is dying for.

I don't think such men as these would want tears shed for them. And in this connection I would quote an extract from a letter I received from a Scots reader.

His son had died while in the Army and the blow was almost more than he could bear.

An old woman said to him: "Many years ago I lost my fifteen-years-old boy and I was heartbroken. I cried until my heart was like to break.

"Then one night I had a dream, and in the dream I saw a host of angels pass, each bearing a lighted lamp. My boy was amongst them. But his lamp was out.

"So I said, 'What's wrong with your lamp, son?' And he replied: 'Your tears have drowned it mum.'

"From that night I was more content and tried to be happy, as my boy would have wished me to be."

I like that simple story. It illustrates so well the futility of tears. Yet tears will persist as long as the human heart beats and so long as the riddle of the Universe remains unsolved.

Tears bring relief to the aching heart. But they don't bring dear ones back. Tears are psychological softeners. But they don't soften the hardness of the heart which has been struck by tragedy.

★ ★ ★

Memories of men who are prepared to die for "goodness" are too great for tears. Tears would be paltry. Rather should there be in the hearts of those who mourn their passing warm and conscious pride in the sacrifices they made.

Mothers and wives may write me pointing out that proud memories don't replace sons and husbands. No. But if people dear to me had to go I would prefer to have pride in their lives *and in their death.*

These men who saw in their mind's eye the dawning of a new age, a saner, cleaner, more decent world, were bigger than patriotism, bigger than the riches of Empire.

They died for Man. And what greater cause can there be?

He W

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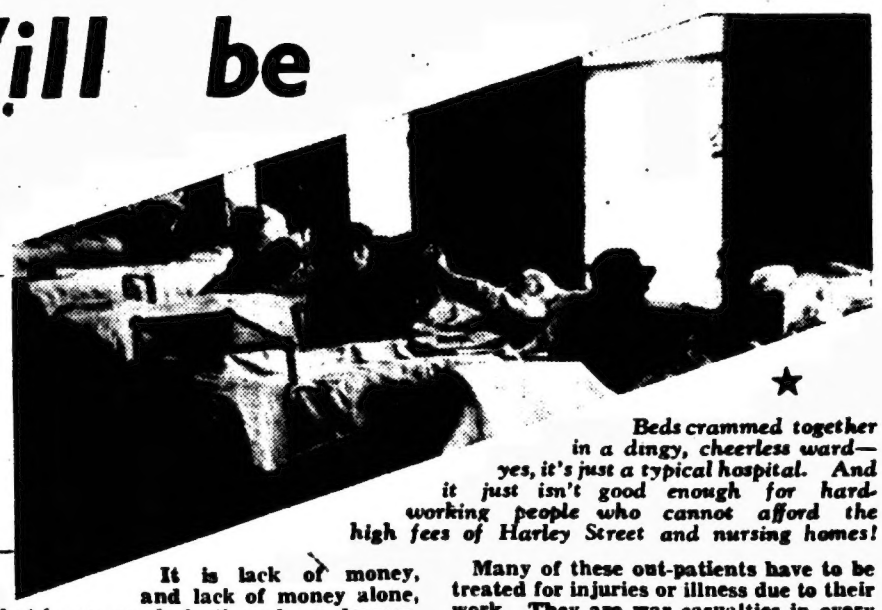
Health-for-All Will be Worth the Price

★ Many doctors regard the Beveridge Plan as a bitter pill. But they'll have to swallow their pride if the nation's sick are to obtain fair treatment

WAITING FOR BEVERIDGE.—2

★

By MAURICE FAGENCE



Beds crammed together in a dingy, cheerless ward—yes, it's just a typical hospital. And it just isn't good enough for hard-working people who cannot afford the high fees of Harley Street and nursing homes!

YOU must keep silent if you believe in Beveridge's ideas for abolishing want.

There's a war to be won. And you mustn't take your eye off the ball.

Meanwhile, people who teach you this patriotic duty are playing a game of ball all on their own.

New societies arise — to oppose Beveridge.

Old associations, Parties and commercial interests are busy — opposing Beveridge.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds are being spent, mountains of paper used up, millions of words spoken—to fight Beveridge.

And some of the strongest opposition is coming from the medical profession.

What angers them is the proposal of a comprehensive medical and health service.

"Regimentation"

It means "regimentation."

Now poorer patients, under the present medical system, ought to know a lot about regimentation.

But that isn't what these doctor-opponents of the scheme mean by the word.

To interfere with the private relationship between doctor and patient—*that* is regimentation.

You are led to believe that if that is done a very idyllic medical system will be upset.

So let us look at this idyllic system.

There are doctors in this country who draw big incomes from private patients and never do any doctoring. So much for that sacred private relationship.

They buy city practices, instal cheap labour, and then retire into the country.

I am sure I shall be forgiven the phrase "cheap labour" by the able young medicos who have to undertake such work, often at cruelly low wages, because their parents can't afford to buy a practice for them.

I challenge the British Medical Association to deny that there are doctors who have never met a patient since they qualified *generations* ago—are not meeting patients now, when the shortage of doctors is the biggest in history.

I do not blame the Association. It can do nothing about it.

There's another aspect—and the B.M.A. knows all about that, too, and is equally powerless to do anything about it.

They Dodge Work

There are doctors who, leaving the bulk of the work to these young doctor-employees, tell them: "Don't handle a difficult case. Send them to hospital."

And so they live on the simple cases, dodging responsibility as they dodge work.

One of the hardest-driven hospitals in the country has made bitter complaints about that practice.

Then there is a system which, if it is far less obnoxious, is also far more general.

The doctor owning a big practice takes up his residence where the big money is and instals young salaried doctors in the working-class suburbs and estates around.

You must have money to meet the big man.

One cannot quarrel with such an arrangement when, as often happens, the big man insists on handling all the most serious cases himself.

Lack of Money

But I hope I have shown that the golden picture presented of the private relations between doctors and patients has on it not a few smudges of varying degrees of drabness.

Money, which—for all the free and self-sacrificing work done in our hospitals by the big names of Harley Street—is the golden key to specialist treatment, can also affect that sacred private relationship with the general practitioner not a little.

But what of the people who are *not* private patients?

It is lack of money, and lack of money alone, that keeps people in those long, depressing queues to be found at the out-patients' departments of most hospitals.

Yet some of the patients—people of quite slender means sometimes—are called on to pay more for treatment than if they received it at private hands.

I spoke to a girl—a shop assistant—who had injured her leg on an omnibus step, and there was a danger the bone had been affected.

The price insisted on by the almoner for an X-ray and the number of photographs required by her doctor was 35 per cent. higher than she was quoted by a private practitioner.

It has been worked out that 11,000,000 out-patients line up in the course of a year at London's voluntary hospitals alone.

I spent an afternoon touring some of the queues. In one—at 3.35 p.m.—I met people working on munitions who had gone to the hospital at midday hoping to get treatment in their lunch-hour.

They hadn't been treated. They hadn't even been seen.

Many of these out-patients have to be treated for injuries or illness due to their work. They are war casualties in every sense of the word.

They go in to the almoner for a money probe—and pay as arranged. They may be sent on to another hospital for another money probe—and pay again. And so it may go on until three or four hospitals have been visited.

It may be that all income has ceased—as in the case of a worker who must get his disablement pay under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and has to fight for weeks before he gets the first penny.

Such a man is very thick-skinned if he isn't thoroughly humiliated by the endless round of probes and waits.

Then there's the grave shortage of hospital beds, for which the war is blamed.

Just nonsense, of course. You've got to cure people, war or no war. And operate on them—even if it's only a question of removing tonsils or adenoids at the school doctor's request.

Health Service Wanted

What is happening is that we are driving into the nursing homes people absolutely unable to afford the fees—although they have to do so.

Which means that you have to employ just as many nurses. Supply just as many beds. Provide just as much in the way of dressings, bed-linen, drugs, and so on.

Indeed, all that the war has done is to illustrate more strongly than ever the need for such a comprehensive medical and health service as Beveridge suggests.

It was announced not long ago that the medical officer of the Westminster Hospital spent three hours' solid telephoning trying to get a bed for a sick child.

Of course, there were empty beds somewhere. And nurses. But they were in nursing homes. And nursing homes cost a lot of money.

We don't move fast towards sanity, for all this talk of a better world.

A private's wife who was going to have a baby was at her wits' end to know what to do about accommodation, till her husband got a commission—then, thank goodness, the problem was solved.

Remove Anxieties!

To my mind it is preposterous that an officer's wife should have rather less anxiety as to where she is to have her baby than a private's wife, or an engineer's wife, or a farm labourer's wife.

Let *none* of them have *any* anxieties.

And if there are doctors who give the description "regimentation" to a plan that will remove those anxieties, let us be regimented.

The nation's future health, your future health, depend on the proper co-ordination of the health services, and we are not going to be put off by a sneer.

MINNIE THE ROBOT GROWS UP

HAVE you ever seen a cow with handles and levers?

You'd have met one if you'd gone aboard the U.S. submarine tender *Canopus*, and you would have been gazing on the first of a rapidly growing mechanical herd.

The Japs first met these bovine robots on Wake Island and Guam, and, suspecting booby traps, smashed them—thus depriving themselves of fresh milk for the duration of their stay on the islands.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Fred Wood, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, was the founder of the herd.

His business was the manufacture of parts for milk separators and dehydration machines, and one day the bright thought struck him that if you can separate the constituents of milk by machinery, then it ought to be possible to reassemble them by the same means.

His first mechanical cow—a somewhat cumbersome creature—proved so popular with the crew of the *Canopus* that Washington sent for Mr. Wood.

To-day, there are upwards of 500 Mechanical Minnies scattered about the world from the Arctic to the Tropics—they produce milk with delightful imperturbability in any temperature—some at lonely outposts and some on the high seas.

The mechanical cow can do everything that an ordinary cow can do—except calve!—and do it better.

Given distilled water, milk powder, and sweet butter, Minnie will maintain a daily output of fresh milk equal to that of eighty-five dairy cows—and much, much purer.

For, whereas most authorities permit a count of 50,000 bacteria in pasteurised milk, the bacteria of the robot cow's milk is about 80!

Alter the proportion of the ingredients you feed to her, putting the accent on the butter, and she will produce dairy cream of the highest grade.

Some Minnies, in fact, not only produce the cream, but turn it into ice-cream for the perspiring crews of warships operating in the heat of the Tropics and/or battle.

Dieticians are cock-a-hoop about Minnie, for they say that in the future the ingredients can be so balanced as to produce *the* perfect liquid food—an immense stride in combating diseases such as tuberculosis and in correcting diets deficient in certain essentials.

★ ★ ★

And what, you ask, does Minnie's milk taste like?

Those who have drunk it, swear that you couldn't tell it hadn't come straight from a normal cow.

And in case anybody thinks he has spotted the old snag—that when you produce a machine you do the original worker out of a job—he can stop nattering. You have to keep eighty-five cows grazing in the fields to keep one Mechanical Minnie in full production.

In point of fact, nobody has been able to find a single snag in Mechanical Minnie.

The world should take its hat off to Mr. Fred Wood, of West Chester, Pennsylvania.

PATRICK SPENCER.

★ From Finland to the Balkans, Germany's anti-invasion generals have been chosen. Here, lined up for your inspection, they present a grim but decidedly glum-faced Old Guard

Marines on the last lap of their training. When next they storm a beach, it will be "the real thing"

Last-Ditch Nazi Generals

AMERICAN General Sherman tanks were roaring into battle along the beaches of the Baltic. In the German island of Ruegen, Russian T-34 tanks were rumbling uphill in an attempt to dislodge German Mark IV panzers from their positions.

Watching the assaults was General Heinz Guderian, "Conqueror of Poland," Hitler's leading tank expert and Inspector-General of the Panzers. . . .

And all this really happened.

It was part of the vast German defence manœuvres which are still being conducted throughout the Continent.

American and Russian tanks, salvaged from the battlefields of Africa and the Eastern Front, have been taken to Germany to give a realistic touch to the manœuvres.

These operations—and the whole grim strategy of despair to which Hitler has been driven—is directed by Field-Marshal Ritter von Leeb.

Though Hitler dislikes him, he has clung to Leeb all through the war for fear of ultimate disaster.

Leeb, you see, is Germany's foremost defence expert, the real originator of the many walls which Todt's Labour Organisation has built around Europe and inside Europe wherever retreating German armies may hope to make a stand.

And Leeb has already made his influence with Hitler felt by the choice of the generals who are to man the bastions of "Fortress Europe."

There are some familiar faces in that military gallery.

Rommel Again

Sour-faced Rommel glowers at us. Physically, at least, he has recovered from the blows he received in Africa, and has assumed the defence of the French Mediterranean coast.

Already he is blasting away the landmarks of the lovely Riviera to allow wider range for his guns. Already he is moving populations to make room for his second—and probably final—contest with the Allied Armies.

But the Italian mainland, even the Adriatic coasts of Yugoslavia and Albania, are under the command of an Italian—General Rocca. But it is not expected that he will boss the German generals sent by Hitler to stiffen the forces of his tottering Axis ally!

They are chiefly *Luftwaffe* men under the supreme command of Kesselring, the despoiler of Warsaw, Rotterdam and Coventry, a wild air terrorist with political ambitions which makes him an unpleasant collaborator to the Italians whom he despises.

The Balkans are again under German command. Yet I doubt if Field-Marshal List still calls himself "Conqueror of the Balkans" as he so proudly did in the past.

Ready to Strike

He knows now that he has not conquered. Patriots are fighting his occupation troops and stand ready to hit him in the rear when the grand assault of the Allies pins him down on the coast.

With him is the Austrian military quisling, Air-General Loehr, who must use up his dive-bombers in the fight against partisans and guerillas even before he can employ them against the Allies.

So much for the "underbelly of the Axis" and the men who may soon feel the full impact of the forces of liberation.

Right across the Continent, on the Atlantic sea-board, are other familiar figures of generals who have seen better days.

Up in the north on the Murmansk front, lonely and without hope of reinforcement in the hour of danger, is the wicked little General Dietl, who fought at Narvik in 1940.

Hitler has even withdrawn from this front most of the big bombers under Field-Marshal Stumpff, for they are more urgently needed elsewhere.

And when the Russians decide to test Dietl's strength, and when, maybe, the Allied Navies sail in from the West, Dietl's proverbial ruthlessness will not help him out of the lurch, in which Hitler has abandoned him.

Along the rugged coasts of Norway, Falkenhorst has been left in command. His troops must help the slave-labourers to build fortifications, and for some time he has mainly been engaged in trying to keep up their morale.

Ferocious Fighter

But Falkenhorst, a general of the old school of German Junkers, is a ferocious fighter who will try his utmost to hold on to what he has got.

Now look across the Channel at Germany's senior field-marshal—Von Rundstedt, that gaunt, tall, grim disciplinarian who has demanded complete political and military authority undisturbed by Berlin instructions.

For more than a year he has ruled France and Belgium dictatorially. He has turned the country upside down in his attempts to make it impregnable to invasion and to the revolt which may coincide with it.

Like General Christiansen in Holland—the man who has organised defence against Allied attack from the air on the same lines along which the German assault on Holland was conducted—Rundstedt has drawn the *Gestapo* closely into his plan for defence.

In constant consultations with him are the representatives of Himmler, in and out of uniform, the secret agents of the *Gestapo's* foreign department, the S.S. leaders of armed and mechanised military party units, the chiefs of the mysterious Security Service who supervise German officers and troops, Nazi Party leaders and the quislings of all brands who have promised to collaborate in the defence of Hitler's Continent to save their own skins.

And, finally, the Russian front has been placed under the orders of one man who is assuming greater military power than Hitler has granted anybody since he took personal command of his army.

Undisputed Authority

He is Field-Marshal von Manstein. His friends regard him as Germany's military dictator of the future and a potential successor of Hitler.

The delay, perhaps even the abandonment of a German offensive against Russia, is due to his influence and advice.

He relies not on intuition but on sound strategy; his authority inside the General Staff is undisputed.

A New Myth

All these men represent the cream of German military talent.

Nazi propaganda, slowly switching the spotlight from the fortifications to the men behind them, is beginning to surround them with a new-fangled myth of invincibility.

These men, it is suggested, have met the Allies before and have beaten them—why should they not do so again?

But Goebbels would be more honest if he reminded his listeners of what happened to Rommel's proud and picked divisions.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Hitler's O

★ To sow doubt among the Allies, to sap our resolution, to gain another makeshift peace—is the only policy left to the Nazi gangsters. And it is being pursued for all Goebbels is worth!

By A. G. GARDINER

"NOW they are ringing their bells: soon they will be wringing their hands," said Walpole bitterly when the "Patriots" had driven him into the war with Spain. The prophecy was soon fulfilled. So with Germany.

The bell-ringing has long since passed. The hand-wringing to-day is visible and audible to all the world. There is no longer any pretence of concealing it.

The facts are too flagrant for concealment or pretence. Hitler is a broken idol. The Italian limb of the Axis is collapsing. The German military machine is bogged in Russia. It can neither get on nor get out.

Germany's dominion of the air is lost. Her U-boat hopes have suffered a heavy blow in the Atlantic. Africa is lost. The Mediterranean is lost. Germany, locked in her fortress, is blasted from above and threatened with invasion from all sides. *In a word, gangsterism is at bay.*

* * *

It is in these desperate circumstances that Germany, caught like a rat in a trap, turns all her energies to the political battle-front.

She cannot win the war, but she hopes that she may avert defeat. The days have long gone by when over the body of a prostrate Britain or over the body of a defeated Russia Hitler would dictate peace to a conquered world.

BUT THERE IS STILL, SHE THINKS, A CHANCE THAT SOME LUCKY STROKE MAY WARD OFF THE WORST AND GIVE HER A NEGOTIATED PEACE.

There may be such a food shortage in Russia, robbed as she is of her richest wheat lands, as will compel her to come to terms.

There may be a sensational turn of the wheel in the Pacific that will lessen the pressure in the West. A run of luck by raiders in the Atlantic, or a dramatic failure in our invasion plans might weaken our will to pursue the goal of "unconditional surrender."

The war of nerves, which gave Hitler such successes in the past, may turn once more in his favour.

The Allies may quarrel among themselves, or they may be faced with such internal discontents that they will be satisfied with something less than absolute victory.

Germany is enveloped by satellite States that will break the blow, and so long as she can keep her own frontiers intact anything may happen.

She may even win a peace that will enable her to hold so much of her plunder that she may begin again, as she began immediately after the last war.

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s Only Hopes

The whole loot of Europe, as the report to the United States Office of War Information has just shown, is now in German hands, and an equivocal peace which left her substantially in possession of it would lay the foundation from which she could spring a third and more decisive *blitzkrieg* upon the world.

It is to exploit these possibilities that Goebbels' propaganda is now directed. Through tools like Spain he sets peace feelers afloat to "save the civilisation" which Germany has so nearly wrecked. He floods Europe with the terrors of the Bolshevist bogy.

He tells us that America is in the war to loot the British Empire. He saturates America with the infamies of British Imperialism.

He warns Europe that if Germany loses the war it will become the battle-ground of Russia and America for the possession of the earth.

Only the guardian angel, Nazi Germany, can save Europe from being enslaved by the ogre of Bolshevism or the ogre of Jew-ridden, plutocratic America.

IN SHORT, EVERY VILLAINY THAT THE NAZI GANGSTERS HAVE LET LOOSE UPON THE WORLD IS ASCRIBED TO THOSE WHO SO NEARLY FELL VICTIMS TO IT.

The time has gone by when such booby traps of peace will avail. There are weak places in our armour. It is disquieting that with the fate of the whole world at stake such incidents as the American coal dispute (now again temporarily suspended) should be possible.

And the deplorable exhibition that the French are making of themselves—I do not include General Giraud in the indictment—is a disgrace to a great people.

* * *

But apart from such blots as these we have nothing to fear from the political manœuvres of the enemy. While the Axis is visibly disintegrating the United Nations are growing not merely in material power but in moral solidarity and purpose.

The dissolution of the Comintern has removed the last stumbling-block to a complete understanding between Russia and the Anglo-American allies. Confidence has taken the place of distrust on both sides. The chilly atmosphere has become warm and genial.

To-day we present to the world something better than a cold association in arms. We present a unity of spirit and of political aim which will have a profound effect not only upon the war but upon the whole future of the world.

Against the smoke-screen of lies which serves to conceal the gangsters' political aims, we are offering a conception of political salvation that embraces the whole earth.

* * *

The foundation of the new world structure must be laid by the four great peoples which have borne the burden of the struggle and which alone will have the power to establish it, maintain it, and preserve it.

There will be no "founders' shares" in the new structure. Its privileges, its sanctions, its securities will be the right of all—even of the enemy peoples when they are purged of their insane barbarisms.

It is for this reason that the new spirit of collaboration between Britain, U.S.A. and Russia overshadows even the triumphs of the battlefield. For the triumphs of the battlefield are only means to an end.

The establishment of a stable and just world governed by the rule of law is the end itself.

It follows that the alliance of the English-speaking world and Russia for the purposes of the war, as it has been hitherto, is not enough. It must be an alliance not only for the means but for the end.

And it is because that alliance is now taking shape that the political front of the gangsters is as rattled as the military front.

* * *

The disaster after the last war was due to the fact that there was no alliance to see the peace through. America fell out, and the peace structure collapsed. This must not occur again.

WE MUST TAKE AN OATH NOW THAT IT SHALL NOT OCCUR AGAIN.

We, Russia and America must stand by one another inflexibly not only to win the war but to implement the victory.

The omens are good—not only in the new Russian relations, but in the changing mentality of America. She will not hold aloof a second time. Japan has taught her that she can never again isolate herself from the world.

That she has learned the lesson is shown by the fact that the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives has unanimously adopted this resolution for submission to Congress:

"Resolved by the House of Representatives [the Senate concurring] that the Congress hereby expresses itself as favouring the creation of appropriate international machinery with power adequate to establish and to maintain a just and lasting peace, and as favouring participation by the United States therein."

Then, with Britain, America and Russia allied for the war *and the peace*, Germany's political manœuvres will be in vain.

When Hitler and Goebbels get together, the world can expect another campaign of trickery and deceit

World's Pest in the News Again

BRITISH troops are fighting a new enemy in the Middle East. Locusts.

They've got to win quickly to avert a plague of them worse than anything in living memory.

The United Nations will shortly hold two conferences to co-ordinate anti-locust measures.

Here Maurice Fagence gives you an unusual picture of the world's worst pest:

* * *

My experience of locusts was crowded into three frightening minutes.

Not long enough to show me how they can turn a country rich in vegetation into an arid desert, as indeed they can.

But sufficient to show me what a grave handicap they can be to military operations.

I had flown from Tobruk to land in a saucer-like depression beyond Rutbah Wells, well on the way to Baghdad.

We touched down beside a clump of eight or nine date palms—a cameo of colour set in the barren desert.

I remember we stirred the Technicolorfully luscious-looking fruit with our slipstream next morning as we took off and headed for the Persian Gulf.

I don't know what made me do it, but I looked at the bracing wires which criss-crossed from wing to wing on both sides of me.

Ordinarily, they are the thickness of piano wire. I noticed with a shock that they had fattened to the girth of a walking-stick, and seemed to be inflating under my eyes.

Our first impression was that this was some result of low flying. But as there is safety in height, anyhow, we rose into the hotter air.

Now our bracing wires were inflating at an alarming speed. What is more, the leading edge of the wings seemed to be swelling like the face of a toothache sufferer.

And finding that our air-speed indicator had ceased to function, we found that its slight, delicate tip had fattened to the size of a boxing-glove.

And now, at last, we hit on the reason. Far away on the horizon was a thin haze that was certainly not a sandstorm. Locusts!

A swarm of them several miles across.

* * *

Not of such a density that the sun was blotted out. This was, indeed, a very ordinary swarm as swarms go.

But here, on the very outer edge of the swarm, our machine was fast becoming a swollen absurdity.

Within three minutes we were down. We were down because the machine had become completely unmanageable. Such a monstrously puffy machine as we saw before our eyes was never meant to fly!

But I am quite convinced that, had we gone on another minute, we would have been forced down by sheer weight of locusts that had wrapped round us to a depth of some thousands of layers!

* * *

There never was a more revolting job than the hacking away of the horrible mess from our wings, wires, pitot tube and so on—a job from which, because there was native labour available, we were fortunately spared.

While in flight we hadn't noticed the odour of baked locust swirling back from our cylinders. But it choked us when we landed. And that smell, which followed us even when we walked a hundred yards away from the machine, lives in my memory to-day.

A few days later we flew back to that saucer-like depression.

I know nothing first-hand about the big-scale ravages of locusts.

But I do know that that little colourful cameo of date palms was a colourful cameo no longer.

May my last sentence comfort you when the minor ravages of greenfly and turnip flea afflict your green and verdant allotment:

Those graceful palms were just stumps pointing to a desert sky.

HE'S A PRINCE ONLY BY PRETENCE

ROYAL names are often taken in vain, and princely "heirlooms" do not always look so good as they sound.

A new freshness has been given to these age-old facts by a recent newspaper advertisement.

It stated, simply:

"Perfect Wedgwood blue and white dinner service. Sixty-five pieces, each marked 'Indiana' and impressed mark 'Wedgwood.' £12. Also perfect twenty-one-piece tea service, 50s."

The advertiser was described as "Brookautos, Loose, Kent."

A woman reader in Wales, who needed a good dinner service, and was attracted by the low price, wrote to "Brookautos" for details.

By return of post she was told that the dinner service was "part of the great house of Woodlawn Royal, near here," and that it was being sold privately on the instructions of His Royal Highness The Prince Louis de Bourbon.

This impressive letter also offered to pack and despatch the goods with great care or, if she so wished, would even send them "per trusted representative to meet you in London for a further guinea"—making £13 1s. in all.

Finally, it advised her to act quickly—as many applications had been received for this "Wedgwood" set and her letter had been dealt with first because it happened to be on the top of the pile!

Best-known of the Bourbons was the late King of Spain. But he wouldn't have known "Prince Louis"!

TROUBLE BEGINS

This statement, plus details about other heirlooms of the Prince which were also for sale being "Royal and Imperial" pieces—some dating back to the reign of Louis XIV of France—induced her to send £10 by return, so that the goods could be reserved.

Her money was promptly acknowledged. Then trouble began.

"It is going to be more difficult than I thought," wrote "Brookautos," who suggested that as the dinner service was so choice and rare it ought really to be sent by car.

The woman replied that it should be kept for her until she could come down herself and collect it.

"Brookautos" wrote again and, giving details and prices of other bargains, urged her to make up her mind quickly about any she would like reserved.

"The prices are rising every week," he added.

But she was wise enough not to send any further money.

What a shock awaited her when she arrived at the headquarters of "Brookautos" in Kent!

She found its proprietor, a bearded old man, living in an old timbered cottage in the tiny village of Loose, about two and a half miles from Maidstone.

"Junk" cars and rubbish of all kinds were lying about the entrance to the house, which itself was littered with curios, furniture and other articles that formed part of the most miscellaneous collection she had ever seen.

There were rapiers; pistols; daggers; armour; an alleged death-mask of Napoleon; drinking-mugs; goblets; Chinese bowls; pipes; pictures; ornaments, and so on.

Actually, the place resembled an untidy house that had been hurriedly turned into a series of salerooms, with their contents in disorder and muddle.

The precious dinner service she had come for was nowhere to be found, and "Brookautos" tried to palm her off with one substitute after another.

When she finally demanded the return of her money the old man raved and behaved so menacingly that she became alarmed and left.

"Brookautos," I happen to know, is really the business name of an old humbug named William Reeves, who has been known by several aliases, including those of Rene Delehaye and James Hex.

His most impudent pose, over a long period of years, has been that of "His Royal and Imperial Highness the Prince Charles Louis of Hapsburg-Lorraine-Bourbon," more recently abridged to just "His Royal Highness The Prince Louis de Bourbon."

He has claimed friendship with royalty and several world celebrities, and has spun fascinating stories about spectacular incidents in his "Royal" and romantic past.

But there never was any such prince. And the stories, like many of the titles in which he has masqueraded, have been sheer imagination.

A few years ago, from a much larger residence in the same district, Reeves' was "selling the priceless art treasures and heirlooms of my illustrious family."

Well, I also happen to know the facts about his "illustrous" descent.

Actually, he was born at Hereford, where his father was a small watchmaker in Church Street.

If "Brookautos" confined his operations to the running of a furniture and antique business on straight lines I should have no quarrel with him.

ARRANT HUMBUG

But in doping the public with all this nonsensical business about treasures supposed to have belonged to a mythical prince he must be denounced as an arrant humbug whose operations are particularly designed to appeal to credulous people.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

A Home Counties reader who wishes to remain anonymous has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.

Write to me about any possible ramp or scandal if it calls for inquiry or comment. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

IT'S FLAPDOODLE

"JUST put four £1 notes into an envelope and I will do the rest." are the concluding words of an unsolicited circular recently sent out by a man named James H. Cleaver, of High Town Road, Maidenhead.

Mr. Cleaver says he is not a tipster, system wizard or method expert. But all I can say is that if he isn't a tipster he must be just a crazy philanthropist with money to throw away.

Payment of £4 puts you on his roll of "exclusive" clients. Then big money for you is assured.

For "losers" are absolutely unknown to him, and should one of his tips go wrong after four years of uninterrupted wins he will not only return your original fee, but the stake money you've lost as well!

Come, Mr. Cleaver, don't talk such flapdoodle!

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

ARE LARGE FAMILIES THE HAPPIEST?

● Large families, I believe, would again become common if the dread of poverty were removed, and parents found there was an opportunity for a good education for all their children.

A good mother very often likes to have a baby in her arms all the time. As it is, she dreads each one growing up as cannon-fodder, or as something to be thrown on the scrapheap of unemployment.

Generally, I would say, economic stress eliminated, large families are happier than small ones.

Children with several brothers and sisters always have comradeship. They learn, early in life, how to get on with other human beings, and they solve, almost in the nursery, many problems that otherwise would puzzle them in after years.

Very often, an only child grows up a prig, self-centred and selfish.

WILL FRANCE RECOVER GREATNESS?

● Winston, who is a romanticist, says so every now and then. I do not believe it. Or at least I cannot see it happening in our time.

The criminally stupid rivalry between Giraud and De Gaulle is only a symptom of something that must be eradicated right across the Republic before France can rise again.

It was only out of the blood-bath of the Revolution that France emerged as a great nation.

She lost her greatness years before the war.

No longer did she lead in Art or in Letters or in Science. Her greatest author was Maeterlinck, a Belgian, and her greatest scientist was Madame Curie, a Pole.

Politically, she was split up into many sections.

She was corrupt.

We must look forward, in France, to a long period of hatred and internecine strife in which every degree of Fascism must be exterminated before there can be a recovery.

WOULD YOU HANG HITLER?

● I do not believe in capital punishment.

Indeed, the facts prove that the more capital punishment you had in England the more crime there was.

On the other hand, I would hang Hitler merely to get him out of the way.

I should not regard it as a punishment.

For what is the instantaneous pain of having your neck broken at the end of a falling rope compared with the lifelong agony which will be suffered by hundreds of thousands of those victims of the last war who still remain alive, but are broken, crippled and diseased?

The hanging of Hitler, Mussolini and all the other leaders of the Nazi and Fascist gangs would be a dramatic reminder, for all time, that self-assumed dictatorship based on bludgeoning and cruelty brings to the world only misery and despair.

And that's a reminder the world has long needed.

MORE EASY MONEY FOR QUACKS

WITH so many doctors in the Services or engaged on whole-time Government work, travelling medical impostors are finding it easier than ever to impose upon credulous sufferers.

Latest examples to reach me come from different parts of Wales, where a quack has recently been describing himself as Mr. A. Thomas—"Osteopathist, late Oxford Street, Swansea."

Going from one temporary address to another, he has told clients that he is now touring because his Swansea headquarters were bombed out some time ago.

He has treated "patients" for rheumatism, blood pressure, neuritis, arthritis, and other kindred ailments.

He has no medical qualifications at all!

From two poor people living in one house in a small South Wales hamlet he secured £5 19s. in fees before disappearing. They derived no benefit from him, and have now learned that many other poor people in the district were similarly fleeced.

The secretary of a large society which does its utmost to curb unqualified harpies of Thomas' type tells me that the law affecting such matters is so loosely framed that it helps, rather than hinders, such quacks.

So long as they refrain from actually posing as "doctors," and are careful enough not to open themselves to a charge of obtaining money by false pretences, they can go on unhampered.

This is all wrong, of course.

And makes it all the more imperative why people suffering from *any* malady should never listen to their claims but go always to a qualified medical man, hospital or officially recognised clinic.

On-the-Level Mary

"This," he said, "is the most wonderful view in London. When I have a house of my own it is going to be here."

SAGAS OF THE SUBURBS
No. 6—CRYSTAL PALACE

★

By WILL SCOTT

EVEN in the days when she wore a gym slip and carried her school books in a leather case Mary was plump. But it wasn't so bad then. The Hill wasn't a terror. It was just something you looked at through the bathroom window.

There were holidays, of course, when father took the girls to the Crystal Palace to see the fireworks. That meant climbing the Hill, which was agony to one so plump as Mary. But holidays, thank goodness, were few and far between.

Schooldays went and the teens began to follow. There were parties and frocks and friends—and boys.

There was Cyril. . . .

How they all fell for Cyril! He was understood to Have Money. And he was so good-looking. He was, in short, the ace in the pack. Every girl was certain that *she* would be the girl.

But, to the astonishment of all of them, it turned out to be Mary.

Mary!

"But, my dear, I don't see what he sees in her!"

"So *fat*!"

"Fat? Fat isn't the word! And the money I've spent in slimming exercises this winter, just in case!"

Even Gladys, who was Mary's bosom friend, was surprised, but she was much too kind-hearted to say so. In the old days they had gone to school together, travelling every day from Kent House to Sydenham Hill. They would always be friends, she knew, but . . .

No, there was no getting round the fact. It was obvious at every dance and every party. Cyril had eyes for nobody but Mary.

And the day came at last when Mary was Taken Home to Tea.

It was a wonderful Sunday afternoon in June. An empty-skied, golden day.

Cyril lived in a Wonderful House on College Road, up in the trees behind the station at Sydenham Hill, where Mary and Gladys had climbed in and out of trains so often in the vanishing schooldays.

CYRIL met her at the station and took her up to the Wonderful House. Cyril reached home smiling. Mary panting.

She met his father and his mother, and she saw the six servants and the tennis-court and heard all about Cyril's future and the Rolls-Royce he was going to have.

In the sunset he took her up College Road, up and up and up, and up Fountain Drive, up and up and up, until they came out of the trees and saw the sun glinting in the thousand windows of the Crystal Palace.

And there Cyril stood and pointed to where, far away to the south-east, were what he called the "blue hills of Kent."

"This," he said, "is the most wonderful view in London. When I have a house of my own it is going to be here."

"On top of this hill?" puffed Mary.

"In the trees right here," said Cyril. "Where I can stand each night and look at *that*."

Mary said nothing. But after that climb she wished she could take her shoes off.

Cyril took her home, down the winding Crystal Palace Park Road and through noisy Penge to the little villa near the tucked-away station of Kent House which had always been her home.

"That Hill," said Mary, when he had gone, "will be the death of me!"

But her mother and her sisters weren't really listening. They Wanted to Know.

"Wait," gasped Mary, "till I've changed my shoes. I'm nearly *dead*!"

Bank Holiday saw an organised hike. Mary and her sisters and Gladys met in the rural-looking courtyard of Kent House station, shaded by its line of pine trees, and boarded a train which was already filled with Bright Young Things from higher up the line and elsewhere.

Cyril was there, and dozens of others, and under his guidance they all left the train at Chislehurst and spent a wonderful day in the "blue hills of Kent."

Mary started it with Cyril. She ended it with Jim.

Everybody was bewildered. Nobody was quite clear as to who Jim might be. He was somebody's friend who had "come along."

He was a clerk in the City and a bit dull-looking. He didn't laugh a lot. He wore glasses. Nobody seemed to take much notice of him. Except Mary. . . .

Three weeks later they were engaged.

"It's a bit—well, you know what I mean, my dear—I mean—well, *sudden*, isn't it, my dear?" Gladys asked one night

"Sudden?" Mary echoed.

"Well, you've only known him three weeks."

"He lives at Ilford," Mary explained.

Gladys looked puzzled. This seemed to mean something, but for the life of her she couldn't tell what.

"Ilford," said Mary, "is so *flat*."

"Oh!" said Gladys.

And the years went by. And Mary married Jim and lived at Ilford and came home every now and again to see her people and her old friends. And everybody agreed that she looked very happy . . . although she was fatter than ever.

And Cyril (so somebody heard) married somebody else and had a great house built on the top of the Hill and no doubt stood there each evening looking out to the blue hills of Kent in the distance—the blue hills where once he had loved and lost

At least so most people supposed. But not much was seen of Cyril as the years went by.

Sometimes Gladys, waiting for the train to town, in the shade of the pine trees on the platform at Kent House, thought it was all a Great Pity.

A grand house and a dozen servants and a husband like Cyril, simply *thrown away*.

Still . . . if Mary was happy. . . . And she certainly seemed to be.

But *wasn't* she getting fat!

Ah, well . . .

THE years went by. And most of the Crystal Palace went with them. Only the Hill remained. If the Hill had never been there this would have been a different story. Just as small, but different.

★

Somebody stopped Gladys in the Beckenham Road and said that Mary was home for a day or two, having been on a holiday in the North with her husband.

She called. To find Mary in tears.

"It's Jim," sobbed Mary.

Gladys noticed that she was fatter than ever. She wondered . . .

"You don't mean——?"

"Oh, it's nothing *wrong*," Mary hastened to explain, wiping away a tear. "He's just as kind as ever. But it's his hobby. Men take up the strangest things."

"Hobby?"

"I know it will come between us. I *know*. If only we hadn't gone to Ambleside. As soon as we got there it seemed to get into his blood. Now he's got shorts and ropes and a stick. He's got everything. We're going there again at Easter. It's breaking my heart."

"Hobby?" Gladys repeated.

"Mountain - climbing," said Mary. "*Mountain-climbing*!"

And burst into tears again.

HUMAN MACHINE

BE ALL-ROUND

● **Life, to be enjoyed and enjoyable, must be an all-round affair.**

"What frightful prigs we should become," one writer has said, "if we had nothing to do but cultivate our noblest faculties!" And he went on to say that "we can no more spend our waking hours in consciously striving towards higher things than we can dine exclusively on jam."

That's true. Human nature will only stand a certain amount of "self-improvement." It needs relaxation and pleasure and fun to give point and balance to the rest.

Now the recipe for this balanced mental diet, so to speak, is very simple . when in Rome, do as Rome does.

In other words, don't try to live to yourself alone, don't try to be someone apart.

Be human. Be friendly. Be kind. Be cheerful. Be tolerant. Be helpful. Be understanding. Enjoy what those round you enjoy. Like what they like. Do what they do. Be what you would like others to be.

Don't despise the little things, the simple things, the common things of life. They are all part of the pattern, and without them you will never make a success of your search for anything higher.

If you really want to be a mental athlete you must be as careful of yourself as a physical athlete is—and you mustn't go stale. Understand?

Is the Answer a Lemon—or Just a Radish?

ONE of the most astounding things I have ever heard was in that divorce case the other day when a woman, anxious for her husband to divorce her, offered him a few eggs to get a move on.

Centuries ago, successful men, such as barons, used to add up their wealth in halves of counties or towns by the ten. Then, no doubt, if wifey wanted hubby to make it snappy, she'd offer to throw in five or six villages if only he'd get cracking.

Slaves, too, were good currency once upon a time. You can see Mrs. Randolph de Brixtone looking through the lace curtains and telling Randolph that she's sure the people next door have come down in the world because now, my dear, they only keep three slaves.

Even heads on chargers have been useful tokens in their time.

"I say, old boy, if you can pull off that deal for me, I'll bring your three Robinson's heads on a charger in the morning."

What happened in the case of a little deal I've never been able to find out. Did you, I wonder, slip the railway porter half a thumb for carrying your luggage?

However, we got past all that, and I'd have said that the man who invented money had simplified things for ever. But apparently not.

Apparently we've now got past money. This is because money doesn't mean anything any longer (I'm told by those who have seen some quite recently).

The tax collector takes half, and with the half that's left there's nothing to buy.

So that one wifey at least is trying to force the old man's hand with the offer of a few eggs.

You can see it spreading.

"Yes, we've taken up your references and they are quite satisfactory. But I'm afraid I cannot pay you more than seven cans of beans in brine per week."

Or the aged clerk with the thinning hair:

"I've served you faithfully, sir, man and boy, for thirty years. I'm venturing to ask for a rise, sir. If you could manage an extra thirty potatoes a week, sir . . ."

We shall see, I'm sure, the neighbours raising their hats as old Smith goes down the avenue, and whispering to each other:

"Hasn't he come on? I can remember the time when he hadn't two radishes to rub together, but now, I hear, he's a 500-lemon man."

A. G.

★ Across the silent wilderness of the Frozen North the R.A.F. patrols soar. To crash-land there means a one-mile-an-hour trek back to the world of living things —a journey marked by the hardest of hardships

R.A.F. Crusoes in Arctic Wastes

By CHRISTOPHER HOWSE

A remote waste of icy mountains and ravines filled with soft snow. It has seen some of the most thrilling but least-known exploits of our airmen

OVER the frozen, lunar landscape of central Iceland droned a light R.A.F. bomber. Below it passed slowly a monstrous jumble of mountains, extinct volcanoes, and glaciers gashed by deep ravines.

The engine-song died like a blow on the ears, and at the same moment a vast downward current of icy air caught the 'plane.

The pilot fought with his controls and coaxed the bucking machine down to a crash landing on a boulder-strewn slope which tore off his landing gear, wrenched his ankle, and smashed up most of the instruments in the cockpit.

Then the two men stumbled out into a deadly silent, deadly empty, deadly cold world.

"Well, there's only one way," said the passenger, a colonel of headquarters staff, "and that's south. About seventy miles I should think. Over a few mountains and about fifteen rivers. Feel like walking, young man?"

They started walking, or limping, south. They could make only one mile an hour because of the pilot's ankle. They had only ordinary shoes to withstand the deadly cold, the sharp stones and lava razors and the icy rivers ahead.

All that night they lumbered ahead, not daring to rest because of the cold, until early in the morning they were stopped by the first of the wide, fast-flowing river barriers.

The thin ice on its surface would not bear their weight, and they had to waste hours finding a fording place.

Even then the icy water soaked them up to the thighs, and the high wind froze their clothes as they reached the other bank.

For two more days they crossed icy rivers and scaled cliffs.

With shoes in shreds, clothes frozen stiff to their skins, tottering with exhaustion, they were found by a search party painfully hobbling along an old pony track.

And not very long after, they were again in the air, covering the length of their days-long trek within a few minutes.

Many such stories can be told of our men in Iceland—and not only men, for actresses of the E.N.S.A. concert parties have made their way over snow-clogged mountain passes to entertain little groups of men well within the Arctic Circle.

But, as a contrast, let me describe the adventures of three Canadian airmen who were flying a bomber from Canada to England when their radio went dead. Navigating by dead reckoning, they eventually sighted land with only a few gallons of petrol in the tanks. The captain knew it was Greenland.

He managed to put down, with only a bent propellor and a broken water jar, on a glacier not far from the coast, and the three men stepped out into the biting cold—it went to 22 below zero—and discussed the position.

Half a Biscuit

Food came first. They had just twenty-four biscuits and two gallons of water (frozen). How many miles, or days or weeks away rescue lay, no one knew. So a daily "ration" of half a biscuit a man was fixed.

They had decided to risk an overland journey to a spot where they thought there *might* be a settlement. In fact, the nearest was 100 miles away and they would inevitably have died in the snow had they set out. Then Weaver, the operator, got the transmitter in action, contacted a Canadian station and got back a faint answer. Help was being sent by sea and by air. Plans were changed.

Marooned

They would make for the coast, dragging their inflatable dinghy.

The weather thought otherwise. A screaming gale blew up out of the north, piling the snow against the cabin where they huddled for two days and nights.

On the sixth day the weather abated and the three set out to make the best of the four hours or so of daylight. But they were weak from lack of food and sleep and from the aching cold, the dinghy was desperately bulky and their feet sank deep into the feathery snow.

They were moving at the rate of only a mile a day.

It was hopeless.

And their spirits sank lower when a 'plane suddenly roared overhead, missed the signal flares they fired with trembling fingers, and went out of sight. They left the dinghy and returned to the aircraft for the night.

On the seventh day a 'plane spotted them, dropped food, clothes and instructions to make for the shore, where a rescue boat would be waiting.

Cheered, they pushed on, but the ninth night nearly finished them. Freakish rain, sleet and snow soaked their clothes and sleeping bags. It was impossible to get dry or warm. The fear of gangrened limbs was never out of their minds.

On the eleventh day, "We dragged ourselves a few yards in the afternoon." On the twelfth, "Yard by yard towards the coast. We were getting low in spirit to the point of giving up when we sighted the cutter's flares and searchlight in the dark."

It was not until the fourteenth day that, burning clothes and equipment at the edge of the glacier, they were spotted and taken aboard the cutter—half crazy with suffering.

During a raid, two of our bombers caught fire in the air and were forced down in Norway, sixty miles or more from the mountainous Swedish border. One landed on the edge of a lake with the fuselage, and the crew's clothes ablaze, and the airmen tumbled out, smashed the thin ice and plunged into the water.

Dodging the Nazis

Then they set out for the mountains and a free country.

Altogether nine airmen made that trip. They spent much of the first day dodging Nazi patrols sent out after them, hiding behind rocks and even plunging into snowdrifts.

Then came the climb which amazed the Norwegians who later heard about it. For more than three days and nights they ploughed up and ahead, going in little bands of two and three. Often they were waist-deep in soft snow, several times some of them were nearly swallowed by the chasms which opened up suddenly or overwhelmed by avalanches of ice crashing down the slopes above them.

But every one of the nine reached Sweden.

SEA-WATER FOR 'PLANES

SCIENTIFIC "miracles" are being performed every day in the search for more and better war materials. Among the most spectacular is ranked the extraction of magnesium from sea-water, to be used in the building of aircraft.

Not so long ago its only use was for making fireworks and photographers' flash powder, but the great expansion of the use of magnesium dates from Hitler's rise to power. In 1933 he began to make use of the metal in his huge air armament programme.

In 1943, one firm alone in the U.S.A. estimates to produce 200,000,000 lb. of magnesium from the sea. Its huge plants deal with 500,000,000 gallons of sea-water every day!

Britain, too, is a great magnesium producer—and consumer.

The fact that scientists are straining to increase our resources in this way provides a very strong reason that we ourselves should also help by strengthening Britain's stock piles with all our waste paper, scrap metal, rags, rubber, bones, and kitchen waste.

BLACKMAILER WON'T STO

★ *If you are in doubt write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)*

NOT long ago I received a lett from a woman reader who wa being terrorised by a black mailer. She is now married to a ma who is wealthy, but there was an in cident in her earlier life which sh wanted to keep dark. This gave th scoundrel his opportunity. He d manded hush money.

I told her on no account to part wi a penny—once start buying off a blac mailer the process will continue for eve

I advised her to inform the police an (if she had the courage) to tell he husband as well.

I dare not tell my husband, she wro in her next letter. He is a religious ma but not as forgiving as one might expe

The blackmailer turned up again th other day. I was alone in the hous "Oh, come in," I said. "My husban wants to see you. While he is talkin to you I have to go to the police."

It was all bluff on my part, but he wa glad to get away. He looked thoroughl scared.

Then came the third letter from her

Since I have confided in you I feel different person altogether, and I thank God I wrote to you when I did.

I am afraid that if I hadn't writte that first time I might have done some thing desperate to myself. I was s heart-broken over it all. It is hard t confess to others when you have do something you are ashamed of.

What struck me about the letters fro this reader was that her mind was full of her own guilt that she did n realise that the blackmailer was h worse than she was. She did not kno that the police would be ready to sa her from the scoundrel.

If any other reader is being victimis I strongly advise the same remedy: form the police at once. As in the c quoted above, the threat to do this w often put an end to the trouble.

Several weeks ago I wrote abo women whose lives are made a slave through the tidiness habit getting o of all sane proportions, and a woma reader has since told me about h problem:

Your correspondent who wants a ti husband doesn't know when she is we off!

My husband is the last word. If a b of cinder falls on to the hearth it mus be swept up immediately. His favourit word is "filthy"—usually applied t spotless articles.

I dare not have the faintest suspicio of dust about and the duster is scarcel ever out of my hands.

If I get up to set the table he instantl shakes up the cushions, folds the news paper and puts it away. There isn't curtain folded out of place, a vase fraction of an inch out, a chair th slightest bit askew.

When we were first married he near drove me into hysterics with his mania.

He nags so, nags on and on, some times a couple of hours on end unt something has to snap.

However, I have now almost succeede in pleasing him. By cutting the gra across the road, by stoning the gard path, by polishing the picture hooks a sandpapering the poker I can manage get by.

But let there be only one crumb the shelf, all my labour is in v Ninety-nine per cent. goes by unnoti

ND BULLI O ARGUE

what I've not done that I can't wash up without pantry and all but spri sculler).

t, apart from this mani fect husband. He smoke xtreme moderation, is s other women, saves mos r complains about my c so much as cut my f iness itself. It is really to wish he were in Afri have a final flick roun es home.

I hope readers don't imagi ing slovenliness in tha rely plead for intelligen tters: a sense of proporti floors were intended for t for dining off. It is poss room so perfect that one ve, let alone to be comfo but I sometimes wonder w most unhappiness—vic dly sins or virtues eveloped into manias.

Pay him hush-money and will never know a minu Threaten him with the he'll leave in a hur

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what I've not done that he looks for. e can't wash up without turning out pantry and all but spring-cleaning scullery.

t, apart from this mania, he is the ect husband. He smokes and drinks xtreme moderation, is mostly bored other women, saves money steadily, r complains about my cooking, and so much as cut my finger he is dness itself. It is really wicked of to wish he were in Africa. I must have a final flick round before he es home.

hope readers don't imagine I am con- ing slovenliness in the home. I rely plead for intelligence in such tters: a sense of proportion.

loors were intended for walking on; t for dining off. It is possible to make oom so perfect that one is afraid to e, let alone to be comfortable in it. ut I sometimes wonder which causes most unhappiness—vices like the dly sins or virtues which have eloped into manias.

Pay him hush-money and the victim will never know a minute's peace. Threaten him with the police and he'll leave in a hurry!

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

HAPPILY back to active service, Pte. M. Shaull tells a dramatic story of his escape from an enemy camp, in a letter to his family at The Cliff, Kersal, Salford:

. . . I was having a bath when I got the notion of escaping, and I could not get it out of my head. Well, I soon "got cracking."

Next day I "won" a pair of wire-cutters, and that night I crept out after dark to find out the best place for my "bolt-hole." Noting the sentries' stations, etc., I picked the right spot.

The following night I decided to chance it. . . . I crept out towards the wire, but when I was within a few yards of it I heard the guards talking.

That shook me up a bit and it did not seem too healthy. Breathing quietly, I lay flat and waited for what seemed like half an hour until the guards passed on.

Then I crawled up to the wire barricade and got busy with the wire-cutters It was a long job, and several times I had to dodge back to cover when I heard the tramp of the guards, or when the moon came out of the clouds.

At last I had cut through the wire, but again I had to wait, and it was a nerve-wracking business. I had no particular fancy for a guard's bullet in my back.

After what seemed ages, I scrambled through the gap in the wire and began to run. I knew the direction of the town I was making for, but it was difficult to reach, as I had to cut across country to avoid attracting attention.

When I reached the town, things were simple in comparison. There were friends there who hated Jerry and were willing to take risks. It was due to them that I at last got clear.

When I get home I will tell you the full story.

HARD WASHING

With thousands of troops serving in India, letters describing the life out there are welcome to the families at home. Sgt./Gnr. G. W. Barrett writes to his wife at Northfield Road, East Ham, London, E.6:

We are in barracks: two-storied buildings with large airy rooms. Fixed to the ceilings are big fans which we can switch on at will.

Each bed has a mosquito net, which is necessary, as these insects are persistent blighters.

To each building there is attached a "char"-wallah, or tea-boy, who sits at the foot of the stairs and serves tea from an urn, which is kept hot by a small charcoal brazier.

In a tin the boy keeps his stock of cakes and pastries, which are not too bad. Next to him is a fruit boy, who sells oranges, bananas and coconuts. All you want is something to use for money.

The "dhobi," or washing-man, calls in the morning to collect the dirty clothes, which are returned the same evening, all clean and laundered.

The cleaning method is a bit hard on the clothes, which are washed in the river. The garment is soaked, soaped and then banged repeatedly against hard rock or a large stone.* So one has to be careful as to what is sent to the wash.

Editor's Note: *As Mark Twain observed, "India is the only country in the world where they smash stones with shirts!"

★ *Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "VOICE," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre London W.C.2.*

British and American troops alike find India a land of plenty—even plenty of fruit!

HOME BEST

Nineteen-year-old Gunner J. W. Parker, R.A., has been seeing Tunisia. He writes home to his mother at Bank Street, Brierley Hill, Staffs:

Please don't bother to send me cigarettes as I get enough to smoke myself to death if I wanted to—which I don't.

I went into Tunis yesterday and attended the Catholic Cathedral for a special service for the British Forces. It was most impressive.

Altogether, it is a bit of an experience being in a distant land and seeing strange sights, but I shan't be sorry to get home when this job is finished.

PARACHUTE BOUQUETS

Here is the first letter from a parachutist published in this column. Guardsman C. Best, originally a Coldstreamer, now serving with the Parachute Regiment, B.N.A.F., writes to his aunt at High Street, Ipswich:

Having cleared the enemy out of this part of the world, we are engaged in routine training. We are getting American army rations, which are varied and very tasty—and how we can eat!

You have probably heard of the exploits of our Parachute Regiment, but we are not as good as all that. Yet we must have done more than was expected of us because we have had "bouquets" thrown at us by several generals, including General Eisenhower.

After two months of pretty heavy fighting we are now right back at ——, where we are having a very pleasant rest, and enjoying every minute of it.

VARIED RATIONS

Serving with the R.A.F. in India, L.A.C./G. Chapman writes home to his wife at Goit Side Luddenden, Yorks:

About 7 p.m. we lie on our beds thinking and talking, mostly about home. It is dark and quiet outside; then suddenly there is a scream from a monkey or a roar from a tiger in the distance—then we come to and realise that we are in India.

We do a bit of hunting as it helps out the rations. Last week I shot a deer and one of the lads bagged a wild boar. They added a little variety to our menu. Very tasty too!

I have only had one go at a tiger, but, like that fellow in "Itma," I missed him. However, I hope to get one before I come home. A tiger carpet in the front room would look rather nice, I think. With my feet on the carpet and back to the fire, think of the tales I could tell the children!

WIVES 'EAN RICHES

Out in Sierra Leone, Chief Petty Officer A. Wilkinson has been studying local conditions. He writes to his sister at Yew Tree Lane, Northenden, Manchester:

In these parts the native is allowed as many wives as he can afford, and, judging by the number of women to be seen following one man, some of the natives must be affluent.

The native women are hard workers, and they carry anything from an empty bottle to a packing-case on their heads, with a piccaninny strapped to their backs. Seems a hard life to me, but they seem to like it

Up to the age of twelve no clothing difficulties affect the "fair" sex. All they wear is a string of beads round their tummies, which is supposed to ward off all diseases and evil spirits. After the age of twelve they sport a skirt, but the beads remain.

Some of the better-class local girls wear European dress—and jolly nice, too!

IN THE WATCH BELOW

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

FOREMOST among our worries is the problem of mail to and from home. Next in order: lifesaving gear—particularly *steel* lifeboats—assurance of post-war conditions afloat, peace of mind for our dependents ashore.

Sheer lack of appreciation of what a seaman's letters mean to him has caused and still causes *unavoidable* delay. Some owners appreciate the urgency of the matter and have done well.

But there are others, and JOHN BULL wants to know what *they* intend doing about this vital matter.

We're not at war with *good* owners or the Government, on the contrary. We seek to establish better understanding, better conditions in the nation's most vital service, on the principle that troubles shared now become troubles spared later on.

Six or twelve months before "something is done"? *Not* a bit of it! Wrongs must be righted without loss of time; in shipyards, afloat and ashore among dependents, so that the country as a whole may reap a vast national benefit.

The bad owners are aiming at a post-war return to supreme and undisputed control of shipping and shipbuilding. That's the shape of things to come; to dispute it public interest *must* be consolidated, which is the chief aim of this column; diffusion and confusion will get us nowhere; the public has a duty: it is to stand four-square behind our merchant seamen.

A reader puts forward details of a remarkable nation-wide scheme designed to save shipping space, increase food supplies, help the Merchant Navy in a practical manner. Amateur gardeners—*watch this column!*

A. G., London, E.: Application has been made to the appropriate authority; we'll publish the decision.

R. T., Derby: There is a possibility of tracing this seaman; news will be given here when received.

S. S., Stourbridge: Facts of this case are before the Reserve Pool.

L. R. C., Hockley: Sea Cadet recommendations should help; result of enquiries now being made will be published in JOHN BULL.

Acknowledgments are made to R. S., London, W.10; Sylvia Marland, Birkenhead; Mrs. Isobel McEwen, Banffshire; I. C., Mortlake; V. D., Ipswich; E. M., Todmorden. And the composer of "Under the Old Red Duster" sends in a copy; there's a free one for the first fifty merchantmen writing to ask.

Remember: troubles shared, troubles spared. *Write to JOHN BULL about it!*

DIVINE BLESSINGS

GOD'S Mercy endureth for ever, His Love abideth for aye, His Light shineth through all life's darkness and His Voice openeth up every way. His Care has all life encompassed, His Power breaks the world into light, His Praise is more precious than jewels, His Touch the awakening of sight.

HIS Wrath is life's ultimate darkness, His Scorn is a flame-hilted sword. His Speech is the hymn of life's morning, His Hope life's unfrayable cord. His Glory the sunrise of creation, His Pity an inexhaustible vine, His Purpose, faith's privilege to follow. His Wisdom, life's answer divine.

HIS House has the world for its threshold, His Blessing is the lamp in life's porch, His Kingdom is ours for the seeking, and His Love is the soul's guiding torch. His Charity knoweth no boundary, His Justice, truth's edge on death's blade, His Patience, like the Shepherds of Heaven, seeks and waits for life's sheep that have strayed. J. M.

"WHATE'ER I DO
MY CHIN STAYS BLUE"
CRIED JIM
IN DIRE DISMAY.
"MY CHIN IS SMOOTH"
SAID BILLY BOOTH
"I SHAVE THE
EASY WAY!"

USE EASY
SHAVING STICK
Over 100 shaves
for 7½d.
(INCLUDES PURCHASE TAX)

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STOP PRESS

ZONING RESTRICTIONS

Batger & Co. Ltd. wish to announce to their many friends that Zoning Restrictions will make it impossible for their customers in the North and Midlands to purchase "Chinese" Figs or Silmos Lollies.

We are sure that these restrictions will be cheerfully accepted as a part of the National War Effort.

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You need less fat when you use
BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
THE BEST IN THE WORLD

UNTIL THE CURTAIN GOES UP

ONLY the best ingredients have gone into the making of Harlequin Sponge Puddings. As this standard is temporarily unobtainable, Harlequin waits for happier days before making a reappearance.

HARLEQUIN
SPONGE PUDDINGS

LAST LAUGH

S. T. (Dorchester).—"The red-headed man makes a good father." Children are very fond of their ginger pop.

SOPRANO (London).—"I remember that at the end of my first week's engagement with a concert party the tenor absconded with the takings." Accompanied by his friend at the piano?

A. N. (Hastings).—"Lettuce that has run to seed can be boiled, and tastes like spinach." If you don't like spinach try boiling it and enjoy the flavour of lettuce run to seed.

F. B. (Ventnor).—"When opening some American tinned grapefruit, the juice spurted up in my face." Could realism go further?

C. N. (Ryde).—"A music-hall performer is billed as *The Man With the X-Ray Eyes.*" He must be the terror of shopkeepers who keep goods under the counter.

A. P. (Romford).—"I first met my wife at a whist drive in which she won the booby prize." Well, you said it!

A. A. (Kenton).—"In a raid on Berlin, the paint on Himmler's private residence was blistered owing to a near-by fire." It is said that his language on hearing of this had a similar effect on the interior decoration of his office at *Gestapo* Headquarters.

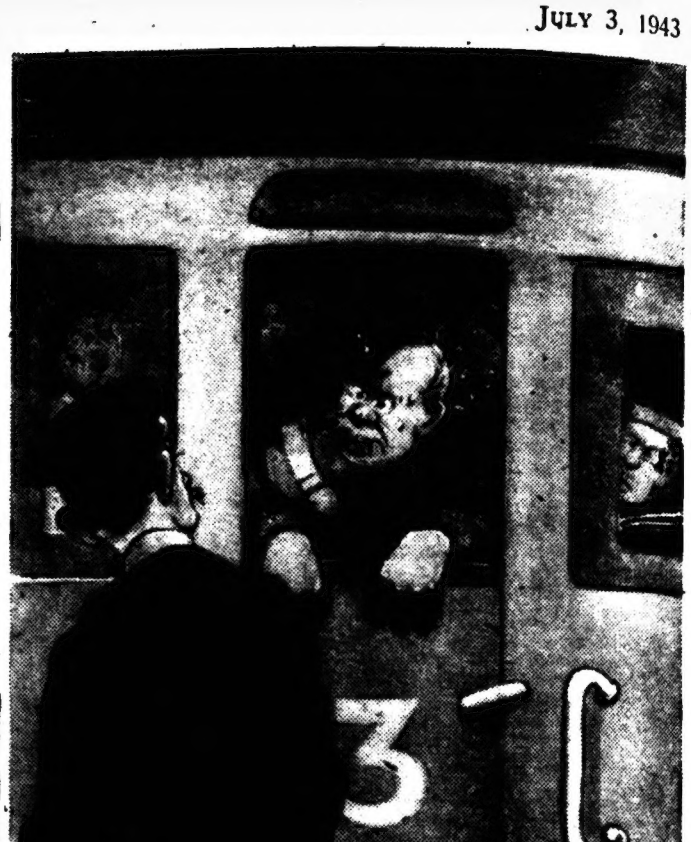
O. T. (Mitcham).—"My wife has made me a waistcoat out of an old red curtain." Very utility. Especially if you are a careless tomato soup eater.

R. Y. P. (Hackney).—"Mr. Herbert Morrison says that unless there is good cause, he will not interfere with the people's amusement." Therefore, kerbside entertainers for fish queues are to continue.

B. N. (Weybridge). — "A trumpeter in an American jazz band claims that he can play notes so high that they are inaudible to the human ear." This is simple if care is taken to blow the cheeks out, but not the cork out of the instrument.

ENTOMOLOGIST (Southsea). — "A species of African worm is over a foot long." This is of no particular advantage to the worm if ostriches get up early.

F. N. A. (Teighton).—"It is said that Negro troops thoroughly enjoy the experience of travelling by rail in this country." But some of the smiling black faces seen arriving at stations are those of white passengers cheerfully determined not to grumble at the lack of soap and towels on the trains.



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Got any more stations to show us mate? Bin 'ere over an hour now, and we've seen this 'un."

Side-Slips

THE SUNDERLAND ECHO:—"A 40-watt LAMB, said Mr. M———, used one unit of electricity. . . ."

THE KENTISH EXPRESS:—"During the last WEAR he served as lieutenant. . . ."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—". . . had obtained a far greater quantity of WISH than it was entitled to."

SUNDAY CHRONICLE: — "One favourite is Irish Omelette; ingredients are sliced potato and chopped LEAK. . . ."

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—". . . Of her ten children seven are living, SIX are at home and FIVE at school. . . ."

THE LIVERPOOL ECHO:—". . . . to-day charged with travelling on the L.M.S. Railway, from P——— to L———, without paying her FACE. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

Mrs. Chandler's husband served in the last war, and is now so disabled by heart disease that he will never be able to work again. He has been in hospital for the past ten weeks and is likely to be there for some considerable time.

His wife is finding it increasingly difficult to pay her way on her husband's small pension, with rent 13s. a week and insurance 2s.

This case is vouched for by Mr. and Mrs. Chandler's doctor, who has known these applicants for the past fifteen years.

We feel sure that our generous readers would like to send something to ease the burden for these deserving people. Donations earmarked "Yorkshire," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50 — 'BULLETS' 1,379

J. R. Evans, 30, Park Street, Penrhiwceiber, for this "Bullet":—

WHEN THE FIGHT'S OVER SERVE "ALL THE SAME"!

889: W. A. Smith, 7, Heolddu Av., Bargoed, Glam.
As One Man—Britain—Through One Man.

610: A. Markson, 182, Bristol Rd., Birmingham.
When The Fight's Over—Germany Mustn't "Soften" Us!

86: Mrs. E. J. Brett, 18, Provost Reid's Road, Montrose.
When The Fight's Over—Back To "Four Corners."

84: A. Booth, 19, Berry Lane, Longridge, Lancs.
Social Security—"Shield" When "Fight" Goes.

88: G. Bracken, 56, Bainesmore Drive, Belfast.
Shabby Clothes—We *Mustn't* "Patch." Blame!

88: F. Pearson, 27, Rookery Road, Bristol.
A Miracle Happened And—Up Went A Cottage!

INCREASED FIRST For "BULLETS" ON NEXT PAGE

38s.: T. Tumilty, 238, Sunnydale View, Keighley.
Now He Escaped—Burglar "Pinched" Annie's Cheek!

30s.: H. Fleth, 186, Woodcote Road, Caversham, Reading.
Absent From The Mess—Unnecessary Courses—Necessary Course.

34s.: C. E. Griffin, West Ashton, Trowbridge.
When Dad Tried Cooking—"Stuffing"? That's My Dish-cloth!"

32s.: Mrs. G. Whibby, Well Cottage, Ffos, Nr. Chester, Cheshire.
Begging For Water—Tramp—Auntie Added Soap!

30s.: Mrs. D. Hill, "Chantry," Chilton, Sudbury, Suffolk.
When Dad Tried Cooking—Riddle Of The *Sticks*!

A Set of 25 Winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD 331

WINNING WORDS: 1. Cloak. 2. Glide. 3. Topple. 4. Weed. 5. Goal. 6. Gully. 7. Cod. 8. Hag. 9. Timing. 10. Villas or Violas. 11. Cure. 12. Fire. 13. Glam. 14. Cane.

The following 2 competitors submitted lists of Answers differing at one point only from most meritorious set of Answers above, thus sharing £100—Gnr. H. E. Ives, Somewhere-in-Britain; C. Worthington, 22, Albion Grove, Sale, Ches.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 20 entrants who submitted sets of Answers differing at two points only.

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CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry Column.	3P Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3P	3P	3P
1 AFTER HOUSEWIFE'S PAID GROCER, SHE LIKES ENOUGH LEFT TO PAY	R E T			
2 DUMPLINGS CONTAINING SUCH FRUIT ARE VERY POPULAR	A P L E			
3 BOASTFUL GAMBLER MAY FREQUENTLY BE THIS	O S E R			
4 MARY GAY SPARKS SEEM AMBITIOUS TO DRESS IN THIS FASHION	L O D L Y			
5 SOLDIERS HAVE LITTLE LIKING FOR OFFICERS WHO DO THIS	M D D L E			
6 THIS MEANS DESTRUCTION	A L E			
7 CAMERA HAS MADE SOME SUCCESSFUL	F I M S			
8 NEEDS CONSTANT SUPPLY OF COAL	I R E			
9 IS SUBJECT TO COUGH TREATMENT IN MANY CASES	B A H			
10 WE CAN BE CONFIDENT THAT THESE ARE CARRYING ON UNDERGROUND WORK	O L E S			
11 ARTISTS HAVE NO USE FOR SUCH CRITICISM	A I D			
12 SINGING PUPIL SHOULD GET QUITE A FEW TIPS FROM	L A S S			
13 THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH PEOPLE WHO DO THIS OFTEN	T I E			
14 ARGY THAT'S BEEN THIS MAY HAVE DIFFICULTY IN GETTING AWAY	T R P P E D			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated July 24.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JULY 12

No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

335

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of Tournament £500, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest, to appear in "John Bull" dated July 31, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

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USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, July 23.

SUNSHINE OF VICTORY
HITLER'S INTUITION
WAY WE HAVE
NEARLY LOST THE WAR
LAND THAT'S WASTED
RALLYING TO THE CALL
SHIP OF YOUTH
UNNECESSARY JOURNEY
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS
MUSTN'T BE ALLOWED
THROUGH THE DARKNESS
MAN IN A HURRY
WITH SKILL AND COURAGE
BREAKING THROUGH
SEASIDE HOLIDAY
THERE'S NO OTHER WAY, SO
LIFE'S BIGGEST THRILL
SOLVED THE MYSTERY
OUT OF THE PICTURE
SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

FOR THOSE WHO.....
NOT TO BE.....
DRUNK WITH.....
DOING NO.....
JAM FOR.....
HE'S A GOOD....., BUT

BULLETS 1,379 RESULT appears on page 14.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated July 24.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,383 Monday, July 12

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,383—or Xword No. 336, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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BAD LEGS	BURNS
ULCERS	SCALDS

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(32)

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2419-3

Backache

Rheumatic Twinges

Urinary Disorders

often occur when the kidneys are sluggish

Every Picture tells a Story

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